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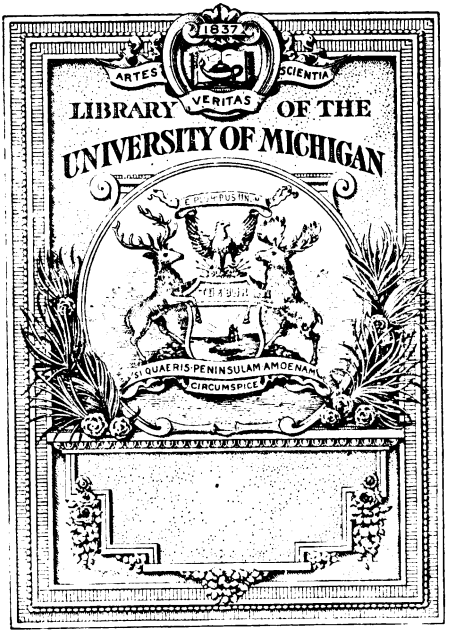
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THINGS SEEN IN HOLLAND

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WEST OF DORDRECHT.

South Hollanders delivering milk, and knitting. In Holland the dog is employed as a draught animal, and not merely as a domestic pet.

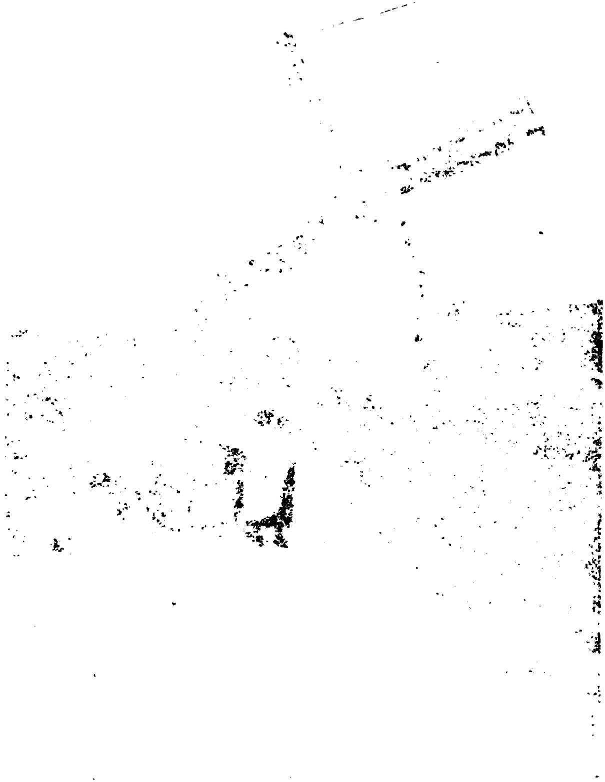
THINGS SEEN IN HOLLAND

BY

CHARLES F. ROCHE

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET
1910



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PREFACE

MY aim in the following pages has been to convey to my readers some of the enjoyment and interest which I have experienced while rambling through the picturesque cities of Holland, its pleasant villages, and its quaint waterways; and also some of my own admiration for a people so famous in history, in enterprise, and in Art.

Thanks are due from me to my friends Mr. Henry Perrin, for many photographs; Heer Adolf Le Comte, Heer W. L. Bruckman, and Mr. Norman H. Hardy, for

205105

sketches; and, lastly, to Mr. David S. Meldrum, the author of "Holland and the Hollanders."

CHARLES E. ROCHE.

CHELSEA,
July, 1909.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

THE CHARM OF THE NETHERLANDS

PAGES

Fighting the Waters — Characteristics of Three Great Cities—Attractions of Provincial Towns - - - 13–75

CHAPTER II

LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

The Love of Tobacco—Eating and Drinking —Clubs and Country Residences - 76–100

CHAPTER III

THE QUEEN AND HER PEOPLE

Costume—Festivals—Games—Golf of Dutch Origin - - - 101–138

Contents

CHAPTER IV

HOLLAND'S ARTISTIC SIDE

PAGES

Art, Past and Present—Museums—"The Spaander"—Churches—Universities 139–170

CHAPTER V

HISTORY AND LANGUAGE

The House of Orange—National Heroes—Peculiarities of the Language—The Dutch in America—Spanish Vestiges 171–214

CHAPTER VI

ON MANY SUBJECTS

Trade—Cheese—Diamond-cutting—Bulbs—Peat—Pottery—Dutch Artists in England—Army and Navy—Standard Time - - - - 217–244

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

West of Dordrecht	*Frontispiece*	
A "Polder" Scene	*To face page*	14
Characteristic Canal Scene	,,	20
Knitting and Basking	,,	24
A Back Street in Volendam	,,	28
On the Schie	,,	34
Canal Scene in Amsterdam	,,	38
A "Street" in Amsterdam	,,	44
The Nieuwe Markt of Amsterdam	,,	48
A General View of Amsterdam	,,	52
A Group of Windmills	,,	58

List of Illustrations

Brielle's Stadhuis	*To face page*	62
In the Island of Walcheren	,,	67
Utrecht's Cathedral Tower	,,	68
The Haven of Volendam	,,	71
Old Dutch Houses	,,	72
Zaandam, near Amsterdam	,,	78
A Dutch Milkman	,,	84
At the Hague	,,	90
The Binnenhof	,,	96
Nijmegen's Market-Place	,,	102
A Goes Milkcart	,,	108
In Zuid Beveland	,,	112
Ancient Mariners	,,	118
"Three Little Maids are We"	,,	122
The Frozen Zuider Zee	,,	126
Young Holland	,,	130
Fishermen's Winter Work	,,	134

List of Illustrations

Young Volendammers Skating	*To face page*	140
Posing for a Photograph	,,	144
In Winter Time	,,	148
A Chat on the Dike	,,	152
The Nieuwe Kerk at Delft	,,	156
Delft's Market-Place	,,	162
Delft's Town Hall	,,	166
Back from Fishing	,,	172
Alkmaar's Wharves	,,	176
In a Shipping Quarter	,,	182
Alkmaar	,,	186
On the Fringe of the Dike	,,	190
Off the Island of Marken	,,	194
On the Way to Edam	,,	198
Drawbridge at Edam	,,	202
Hoorn's Famed Water Tower	,,	208
In Medieval Hoorn	,,	214

List of Illustrations

The Harbour of Marken -	*To face page*	218
The Young Knitter - -	,,	222
Katwijk-aan-Zee - - -	,,	228
A Shady Avenue - - -	,,	234
Unloading Peat - - -	,,	238

Things Seen in Holland

CHAPTER I

THE CHARM OF THE NETHERLANDS

Fighting the Waters—Characteristics of Three Great Cities—Attractions of Provincial Towns.

FIRST impressions of a country and its people are, generally speaking, pleasurable; but the feelings of the traveller who sets foot on Dutch soil for the first time are also those of surprise and wonderment. Like a flash does it come through his mind that he is in a land unlike all others he has visited; that he is treading soil which has been wrested from an angry sea and overflowing rivers

by a race which has for centuries fought and mastered, and which will to its dying day strive to keep under control, that devouring and all-powerful element—water. "God made the sea; we made the shore," is the Hollanders' not overweening boast. They are, so to speak, living over a water-volcano all the time—ay, and dancing right merrily on it; but at the same time they remain on the look-out, mindful that their ever-present and relentless enemy shall not take them unawares.

Phlegmatic the Hollander may appear, but the sea never finds him napping. His army of engineers is always on the alert, while the *polderjongens*, or labourers, are continually engaged on active service, a-damming and diking. Under the Orient-ally impassible mask of Dutch features there lurks, however, a spirit easily roused, as the cruel Spaniard discovered to his

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A "POLDER" SCENE.

Holland's prairie studded with cows and windmills. The cows are invariably coloured black and white.

discomfiture. "Peuple frondeur," Louis Napoleon aptly characterized the nation over which he ruled for a few brief years. But, for all that, his reign was a popular one; he proved an acceptable ruler to his subjects, whose descendants cherish his memory to the present day. A great national peril might kindle the embers slumbering in the Dutch bosom, and arouse in it the spirit which defied the Duke of Alva and Louis XIV.

Truly a wonderful nation, which for eighty years struggled with all-powerful Spain, which was run over under Napoleon, accomplishing the while marvellous triumphs in drainage and land reclamation, producing the foremost scholars in Europe, a body of almost unparalleled painters, revealing remarkable colonizing and commercial aptitude, and the founders of the United States to a far greater extent

than the Pilgrim Fathers. To-day this little nation pursues the even tenor of its way, keeping up its glorious traditions, while its population is smaller than that of Greater London. According to the latest census—that of 1905—the figures are 5,509,659 souls, of whom 60 per cent. are Protestants, 35 per cent. Roman Catholics, and about 100,000 Jews.

After a brief period of sight-seeing in one of the larger towns — Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or The Hague — the new arrival will map out his tour, which will take him by thriving towns, dainty little villages and hamlets; along endless canals, as quiet as if corpses of dead rivers; past verdant and luxuriant meadows, studded with flowerets, trodden by black-and-white kine with sleek and glossy coats akin in appearance to the famed Holsteiners.

As one journeys along the endless net-

work of canals which make of the land one huge checker-board, there is but one drawback to the enjoyment of the landscape with which the paintings of Ruisdael, Cuyp, Ostade, and Paul Potter of days gone by, and those of the gifted Marises, Israels, Mauve, Willem Witsen, and others of the present time, have made us familiar. A fly lurks in the amber of those toy villages, amid the alleys of limes and poplars. It is the malodorous smell of the grey-green, muddy, stagnant canals. In many places the natives may be seen converting these water-ducts into main sewers while simultaneously rinsing out their coffee-pots and other articles of domestic use, with the utmost indifference to any sanitary regulations.

It is no consolation to the visitor expressing surprise, not to say disgust, at these practices, and remarking that this

deliberate cultivation of a nursery for enteric must be fraught with considerable danger, to be told by the grimly humorous Dutchwoman that the water is so foul that it is fatal to animal life, and that no germs, whether bacteria or microbes, can possibly thrive therein. "Besides," to quote one buxom dame, "if our water contained all these little beasts, the ducks would eat them!" It may be left to the followers of Pasteur to say whether the "little beasts" are or are not found in ducks; but it is only fair to add that Dutch hotel-keepers are careful to inform you that these canal ducks, whose "farms" line the sides of many a canal and *sloot* (ditch separating *polders*), are never served —nay, not even their eggs—at table d'hôte. The eggs are shipped to England, so they say, and are bought by bakers and pastry-cooks. But what becomes of the skinny-

CHARACTERISTIC CANAL SCENE.

A flat-bottomed barge in full sail.

looking ducks? On that point they are silent.

If the scene is a peaceful one, some of its prominent landmarks—the huge windmills, standing out against the sky—are seldom at rest; but on such rare occasions they present the appearance of great cobwebs hanging from the clouds. They are more often at work, and, as they revolve slowly against the line of the horizon, they are plodding along industriously, extracting oil from seeds, thrashing hemp, sawing wood, pulverizing gravel, and last, but not least, doing their utmost to prevent the *polders* (lands rescued from the water's sway, and devoted to agricultural production) from being inundated. They are unceasingly engaged in carrying water from the smaller canals to the larger ones, communicating by the same means with canals higher up, which in their turn carry the water to the sea.

Things Seen in Holland

On the canals the *trekschuit* (drawboat or water 'bus) is fast becoming a thing of the past. Here and there only a cumbersome kind of house-boat is to be met with, moving slowly by dint of a deal of poling and pulling. Of such is the venerable boat which plies between Edam and Volendam, along perhaps the dirtiest canal in Holland. It may be slow in its progress along this sewer, but it is a pleasing remembrance, that of having been towed by one of the members of the Nierop family. Like a mule does he harness himself to the "express-boat," and like a tortoise does he plod along the yellow-bricked towpath. He is in no hurry, nor would you be were it not for the "emanations" from the canal and the duck-farms. There is, however, compensation in all things, and the vista as one approaches Volendam is not to be forgotten.

Photo. by *Weenenk & Snel.*

KNITTING AND BASKING.

Volendam "Meisjes" taking it quietly at midday. This is one of the towns where the picturesque costumes of the women may be seen to the best advantage.

The Netherlands

In one of the slime-covered ditches of that noted fishing village on the shores of the Zuider Zee lies an old barge, quaintly and gorgeously embellished with mouldings once white. It is vaguely and more or less truthfully described as "belonging to the time of the French King, Louis XIV.," and was in days past much in demand on festal and festive occasions; but its glory has departed, and it lies "on sluggish, lonesome, muddy waters, anchor'd near the shore, an old, dismasted, grey and batter'd ship, disabled, done, and broken . . . rusting, mouldering."*

As one passes through this noiseless landscape, unfolding itself, undisturbed by any other sound than the tinkling of the cow-bells and the musical chimes of the

* "The Dismantled Ship," by Walt Whitman, the manuscript of which is in the author's possession.

town or village belfry ringing out gently not only quaint old tunes familiar centuries ago, but also airs that are painfully modern, drawn, as they often are, from the répertoire of music that is not classical, one falls into the somnolence of a lazy reverie, in the midst of which arises the awakening recollection of the difficulties under which the entrancing landscape has been fashioned by the hand of man and the sweat of his brow. Over and over again have the cruel and greedy waters claimed more than their pound of human flesh and more than their share of the land, begrudging the poor Hollander every square inch of his country.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century the sea destroyed a peninsula near the mouth of the Ems, and engulfed over thirty villages. In the same century a series of marine inundations opened a gap in North Holland, formed the Zuider Zee,

Photo. by *Weenenk & Snel.*

A BACK STREET IN VOLENDAM.

View of the alleged "old French" barge rotting in the muddy waters.

and claimed 80,000 persons. In 1421 the Maas overflowed its banks as the result of a storm, carrying away seventy-two villages and 100,000 lives in a single night. Again, in 1532, the sea broke the embankments of Zeeland, and a hundred villages were of the past. Amsterdam, Zeeland, and the province of Utrecht were inundated in 1570, while 20,000 persons were drowned in Friesland. In 1825 North Holland, Friesland, Over-Yssel, and Gelderland were inundated. In 1855 the overflowing Rhine flooded Gelderland, a portion of Utrecht, and submerged a large portion of Brabant. As late as 1873 the polder of Borselen, 21 English acres in extent, sank into the waters. Undaunted by all these disasters, to mention but a few of the principal ones, the Dutch fought on, draining the Lake of Haarlem, 44 kilometres in circumference, because its waters were a perpetual

threat to Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Leyden. And now they are seriously considering the draining of the Zuider Zee, an accomplishment that will add 1,400 square miles to their land. Holland may be called "toy-land," or "the land of miniature," but it is assuredly the "land of pluck," for its citizens, undismayed by the numerous victories of sea and river, and by the terrible loss of life attendant upon them, pursue the even tenor of their way, for ever erecting new forts which are to repel the vigorous onslaught of the eternal enemy.

To return to the towns—the three most important ones—Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague. The town on the Rotte is given precedence because most travellers land there. It is the Liverpool or the Glasgow of Holland, and since 1830 the powerful rival of Antwerp. As you look up the haven, and catch a glimpse of a tall,

commanding windmill, you feel that you have arrived in a very Dutch town. Its cosmopolitan shipping has perhaps given it a reputation abroad of being less Dutch than other towns in Holland, but here again the activity and energy of the race are prominent. Rotterdam's charm lies in its virile strength, its business-like aspect, its magnificent port, and a stroll along the Boompjes (so called from the "little trees," now fully-grown elms), the principal quay, is well repaid by the endless vista of ships flying the colours of all nations. Rotterdam is a merchant city pure and simple. The saying goes that you make your fortune at Rotterdam, consolidate it at Amsterdam, and spend it at The Hague.

Rotterdam has an appearance of solidity about it, but perhaps less of the conservative stolidity to be met with elsewhere in the Netherlands. It is an essentially

progressive town, and both English and German influences have made and are making themselves felt in its daily life. About one-half of the total national imports by sea, and nearly one-half of the exports, pass through it, besides four-fifths of the Dutch trade with the Rhine. No lengthy stay need be made in Rotterdam. A pilgrimage to the statue and house of the illustrious Gerrit Gerritsz, better known to fame as Erasmus, is a tribute that should be paid to his memory. The Boymans Museum is also worthy of attention, although hardly a rival to the Amsterdam and The Hague galleries, as are also the Diergaarde, or "Zoo," which is tastefully laid out, and the Gothic Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Lawrence, from the tower of which those of The Hague, Leyden, Gouda, Delft, Dordrecht, and Brielle can be distinguished in clear weather.

ON THE SCHIE.

Barge sailing towards Rijswijk, where a great peace was concluded.

The Netherlands

The next *étape* is to Amsterdam, the "Venice of the North," built on hundreds of thousands of piles, the old Stadhuis, used for ten days in the year as a royal residence, having been erected on 13,659 piles driven into the ooze. As one wanders along its thoroughfares, the names of the streets, *grachten* (canals), *singels* (moats, girdles, or encircling ditches), and *kaden* (quays), tell the city's history to those who care to delve into it. A notable feature of this city, composed of some ninety islands, is the unusual height of its houses when compared with those of other Dutch towns. It derives its appellation from Gysbrecht II., Lord of Amstel, who built a castle there in 1204, and constructed the dam from which it is named. At one time it was reckoned the third city in the French Empire. It is Holland's money-market, and many Amsterdammers

congregate about the Beurs, concerning the architectural beauty of which the citizens themselves are at variance, so a stranger may not settle the dispute. Its bridges are naturally numerous; some three hundred are to be counted. Amsterdam does its best to extirpate malarial germs, constantly renewing its waters by an arm of the North Sea Canal, and dredging them frequently. Still, these operations leave much to be desired, as the visitor will find out to his cost when visiting the vicinity of the Rijks Museum in summer-time.

A noticeable thing in connection with so large a city—indeed, with all Dutch cities and towns—is the absence of beggars. The poor do not force themselves upon one as in other Continental cities. It is no doubt because the authorities care for them, and strenuously repress all attempts at professional mendicancy. The Jewish

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CANAL SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.

The Zuider Kerk, not far from the Raam Gracht.

quarter, still almost exclusively occupied by Jews, cannot be commended for its cleanliness, while the stenches engendered by the frying of foods in oil is only one whit less savoury than that of the country's canals. In the course of the centuries during which the Jews have sojourned in Amsterdam they have not acquired the Dutch *netheid* (neatness), but there is much life to be seen in the Joden-Bree-Straat, the principal street in the quarter, and anything and everything can be bought there, from a "genuine" Ruisdael to a rusty and dentated old razor.

The Kalverstraat—so called from the calves' market, which used to be there—formerly stretched from the Dam (as at present) to the so-called chapel (the present Kapelsteeg); it is a remarkable street. The other part of the street as it exists nowadays, running to the Spui, is only twenty-

five years old; twenty-five years ago it was a canal still. Although this world-famed thoroughfare has been compared to our own Regent Street or to the Parisian Rue de la Paix, it has an individuality peculiarly its own, and that is its narrowness; there is very little walking and driving space between its shop-fronts. Seldom is so bright and tempting a display of wares to be met with, and a lady needs to be a superwoman to resist the impulse to purchase the diamonds, jewellery, silver-ware, curios, and more or less "old" pottery exposed in the shop-windows. It must, however, be said, to the credit of the Kalverstraat vendor, that he is thoroughly frank in his transactions with you. He will not sell as "old" Friesland silver-ware that which is not nearly as old as the youngest purchaser; he will admit that it is "new"; but he will be equally candid in

regard to the price, which will oftentimes be prohibitive. In this connection one needs to be an expert. England and the United States of America probably possess between them more "old Delft" and "old Friesland" silver-ware than were ever manufactured or wrought in the Netherlands. Merely to be fair to the ladies, it must be recorded that very few of their escorts can pass the place of Lucas Bols; they cannot resist the temptation to taste his curaçoa.

The Nieuwen Dijk (if you wish to "air" your knowledge of Dutch, do not sound the final *n* in the first word, and do not say Nieuwen Dijk *Straat*, for to Dutch ears it would sound as strange as would "Strand Street" to us) is a less expensive shopping street than the Kalverstraat, and in it are to be found all Dutch articles in daily domestic use. It, too, has its fascinations. The quarter known as De Jordaan

is worth walking through, if only to gather from its streets the origin of its appellation, for it has nothing in common with the River Jordan. The word is a corruption of *jardin*, and in this "garden," which constitutes the workmen's quarter, we find Huguenot traces in the names of flowers and trees given to streets and canals, to wit: Rozen-Straat, Egalantin-Straat, Linden-Gracht, Palm-Straat, and so forth. The Schreiers Toren, or Weepers' Tower, where women bade farewell to men sailing away to far-off Newfoundland, to the West and East Indies, many never to return, is one of the landmarks of Amsterdam to be remembered.

The Begijnenhof, or Bagijnenhof, when seen down the Begijnensteeg, has an aspect of romance which cannot fail to attract the traveller. A door stands at the end of the street, and above it is a piece of

A "STREET" IN AMSTERDAM.

Unlike Venice, no gondolas ply on its stagnant waters.

sculpture dating from 1574, the date on which the porch was renewed after the great fire of 1421. The word "Begijn" may be derived from the old Dutch *beggen* or *bedgen*—saying prayers regularly. Wagenaar, the Town Historian in 1760, believed that the *béguinages* sprang up in 1170, when a priest of Liége, Lambert le Bègue (Lambert the Stutterer), induced widows and maidens to adopt a religious life without vows, passing their time in needlework and deeds of charity, and that the Dutch Begijnen followed. The word is also said to be derived from Begge, daughter of Pipinius van Landen, Duke of Brabant, who lived at the end of the seventh century. The Begijn Kerk (the English church), in the Begijnenhof, is of particular interest to English and Americans. Its tercentenary was celebrated in February, 1907.

Wandering away from the central part of the city, one will find in the neighbourhood of its two famed museums, the Rijks and the Stedelijk, to be dealt with summarily hereafter, many picturesque residences, which will gladden the eye, and make one wish in vain that they could be transplanted and kept outwardly as bright and clean in London's murky atmosphere. Amsterdam, like Rotterdam, has its "Zoo." Both of these places were laid out from the very first with a view to the requirements and habits of their inmates, an example followed nearer home in recent years only. In conclusion, Amsterdam is a centre from which all places in Holland can be easily reached. From Amsterdam, too, all the steamers going to the Dutch East Indies take their departure.

For the guidance of visitors to the house of the Six Family, it may be pointed out

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THE NIEUWE MARKT OF AMSTERDAM.

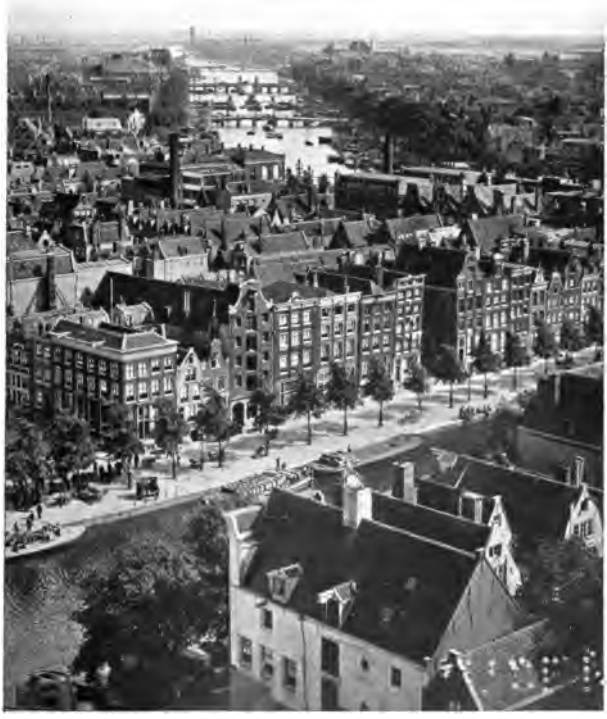
A busy scene near the Kloveniersburgwal.

that one's visiting-card no longer suffices to secure admission. Since this year the visitor must be personally recommended by the Consul representing his country.

The Hague, 'S Gravenhage, or den Haag (the Count's enclosure, or hedge), was in olden times a hunting resort of the Counts of Holland. Commercially it has no importance, and in many respects it resembles the capital of the United States. Although not a seaport, it is more cosmopolitan than Amsterdam, the Dutch city *par excellence*. The Hague's aspirations are modern, and Dutch traditions are to its citizens a negligible quantity; it is striving to fall in with modern Europe. It is a beautiful city, with its wide streets and well-shaded avenues. Its houses have a characteristic feature in their artistic balconies, and bear an imprint of aristocracy; its citizens are prone to display a certain amount of *morgue*, and

to consider themselves vastly superior to the rest of the Dutch nation. It affords the former pleasure, but the latter treat the matter with cool indifference. Outside of The Hague the Court does not affect social life much, if at all, but the provinces delight in doing honour to the House of Orange.

The central part of the Dutch capital—that round the Vijver—has retained the old characteristics, while the modern part may be compared with Brussels. Like every other Dutch town or city, The Hague possesses a grim historical interest, for many dread scenes have taken place within its limits. From among its quaintly carved buildings arise the phantoms of the murdered dead—Oldenbarneveld, Cornelis and Jan De Witt, and Aleid van Poelgeest, the mistress of Albert, Count of Holland. With the exception of the



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A GENERAL VIEW OF AMSTERDAM.

Looking south-east from the Zuider Kerk. Some of the numerous bridges are here shown.

Binnenhof quarter, nowadays so well known to all through the sittings of the Peace Conference, the monuments are few, the city's chief feature consisting in rich modern dwellings. The famed Bosch, or wood, in which stands the Huis ten Bosch, the Dutch Trianon, is a perfect oasis. According to tradition, it is, like the wood of Haarlem, the remains of an ancient forest spared by the Spaniards, who were not wont to show mercy to anything Dutch. Among the trees in the Bosch are to be found some said to have been planted by Jacob Cats, the humorous burgher poet, and by Jakoba van Beieren (Jacqueline of Bavaria, Countess of Holland). The Huis was built in 1647 by Princess Amalia von Solms, consort of Frederik Hendrik of Orange. Among its treasures is an octagonal room covered with paintings, not by Dutch, but by Flemish

artists, whom the Dutch Stadhouders patronized—to wit, Jacob Jordaens and his school. Prominent among these stands Jordaens' allegorical tableau, representing the apotheosis of Frederik Hendrik.

The Koninklijk Kabinet van Schilderijen, better known as the Mauritshuis, is the picture gallery of The Hague. It contains Rembrandt's "Lesson of Anatomy" and Paul Potter's "Bull,"* to say nothing of other valuable paintings; but this book does not purport to be a museum guide. In the Royal Cabinet of Curiosities at the Mauritshuis is the sword of De Ruyter; the bullet-riddled cuirass of Tromp (so often wrongly styled van Tromp); a

* To the many who think of Paul Potter merely as a painter of animal life it will come as a surprise to learn that the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg, possesses eight magnificent landscapes from his brush.

lock of hair of the heroic Lieutenant van Speijk, who in 1831 blew up his ship at Antwerp to preserve the honour of the Dutch tricolour; the clothes worn by William the Silent at the moment of his foul assassination; and a miniature Dutch house, made for Peter the Great, who refused to pay its cost, whereupon its architect, Brandt, presented it to the museum.

In close proximity to The Hague lies the fishing village of Scheveningen, which can be reached from the capital by two roads. The Old Road, or Scheveningsche Weg, was planned by the elder Huygens, the statesman, to enable him to visit his friend the poet Cats at his home among the dunes at Sorgvliet. Scheveningen is a fashionable watering-place, and that description will suffice. The memory of one of its native residents must, however, be rescued from oblivion. Some there are

who will remember that ancient mariner old Spaan. He was wont to beckon the stranger to follow him to the strand, when, with a comprehensive wave of the arm, he would say to his victims: "You see all this? Well, it is the sea—the SEA!" the last word pronounced with much emphasis. And then his outstretched palm would be ready to receive a reward for the valuable information he had imparted.

Each and every Dutch town has some special feature. The towns of old Frisia, the most poetical province in the Netherlands, are famous for their pretty women and their big Ameland horses, with small heads and long and broad necks. Enkhuizen, the deadest of all the "dead cities" on the Zuider Zee, is worth strolling through, if only to imagine oneself transplanted into the Middle Ages. Moreover, it is the birthplace of Paul Potter. Hoorn,

A GROUP OF WINDMILLS.

" De Poel," at Zaandam, where Peter the Great worked.

From a sketch by W. L. Bruckman.

which is perhaps less dead, may be styled its sister city, for both these once prosperous ports show few signs of any activity. In the latter, the St. Jans Gasthuis is a quaint and marvellous architectural achievement. At Zaandam is a shrine visited yearly by hundreds, for there stands the hut (Czaar Peterhuisje) wherein dwelt one Peter Mikhailoff, also known to his fellow-workers as "Peterbaas"—"Boss" Peter—who learnt shipbuilding n a practical fashion in the yard of the Heer Kalb, and whom history knows as Peter the Great.

Down the Maas is a little town seldom trodden by the traveller; but the *Watergeuzen*, the sturdy "sea-beggars" lovingly enshrined in the chronicles of the Dutch, have given it immortality. Its official name is nowadays Brielle, but the true name is Briel. It has been stated that

the word *brill* signifies spectacles, and that the Dutch sang words to the effect that

"On April Fool's Day
Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away."

The foregoing is in reference to the capture of "Brill" on the first day of April, 1572, the first overt act in Holland's fight against Spanish supremacy. The pun is a poor one. In the first place, *bril*, not *brill*, is the Dutch word for a pair of spectacles. Again, Briel, or Brielle, is not so pronounced as to resemble *bril*, nor was Brielle ever called "Brill." Heer Joh. H. Been, the archivist of the town, writes that adjoining "Maarland, Mareland, or Moerasland, which as early as 732 possessed a Christian church, was built the village of Den Briel. The two villages became together, 'Den Briel' (The Brielles). In old documents one finds 'de Stede van den Briele.' Hence the word Brielle. Den

Photo. by F. W. D. Robijns. *Brielle.*

BRIELLE'S STADHUIS.

The town immortalized by the heroism of the "Sea-Beggars."

Briel has nothing in common with *bril*, but betokens a low-lying, swampy district, more or less covered with bushes, and suitable for pasturing cattle. Close to Prinsenhage, near Breda, there is also a hamlet called Briel, while in Vlaanderen (a district of Zeeland) the name Briel frequently occurs."

Among many notable towns is Delft, with its mausoleum of William the Silent and the tombs of Grotius, of Tromp, who in 1652 defeated Blake at the battle of the Downs, and of Piet Hein, whose name survives in a Dutch song.* Haarlem has

* The first verse and the chorus of "Piet Hein" run as follows:

"Heb je wel gehoord
Van de zilveren vloot?
Van de zilveren vloot van Spanje?
Die had zooveel Spaansche matten aan boord
En appelties van Oranje!
Piet Hein!
Piet Hein!

erected a statue to Laurens Janszoon, called Coster (the Dutch word signifies "sexton," for such was his occupation), and the Dutch claim that he invented printing before Gutenberg. The claim has long since been settled in favour of the latter, except in Dutch eyes. Among the pictures in the Stadhuis are the eight "Regent"

Piet Hein zijn naam is klein
Zijn daden bennen groot (*bis*)
Hij heeft gewonnen de zilveren vloot."

A free translation of the above is:

"Did you hear of the silver fleet, of the silver fleet of Spain? There were lots of Spanish piastres on board, and orange apples! Piet Hein! Piet Hein! Piet Hein, his name is little, but great are his deeds, for he has conquered the silver fleet."

"Orange apples" here signify gold. It was off Matanzas that Piet Hein captured the "silver Fleet," which was conveying to Spain the large um of £640,000.

The Netherlands

IN THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN.

A Zeeland maiden arrayed in her finery.

pieces of Franz Hals, constituting the highest expression of his art. The city is, moreover, the proud guardian of the banner of the widow Kenau Simons Hasselaer, who, with three hundred of her sex, defended the town against Frederic of Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, in 1572. To Utrecht is due the honour that within its precincts the Netherlands formed a pact of union against Philip II. The famed Maliebaan, a triple avenue of magnificent lime-trees, which Louis XIV. preserved from the dalism of his soldiers, is one of the glories of the city. Its Dom Kerk has undergone more transformations than any other religious edifice in the kingdom, and from its lofty tower all the provinces of Holland can be viewed with the aid of a telescope.

Leyden (in Dutch, "Leiden") is a famed University town, and was at one time

UTRECHT'S CATHEDRAL TOWER.

The illustration shows it in course of repairs, now completed. From it all the provinces of Holland can be viewed with the aid of a telescope.

Nagu

THE HAVEN OF VOLENDAM, FROM A DRAWING BY A. LE COMTE.

Fishing-boats returning from a week's cruise in the Zuider Zee.

known as the "Athens of the North." The memory of the Elzevirs, those famous printers, haunts it still. There are people who are disappointed at not finding the "mill in which Rembrandt was born," and some writers have expressed a regret that it no longer exists. As a matter of fact, Rembrandt was not born in a mill, as shown by the tablet now affixed to what is a stable or coach-house. Dordrecht is a pleasant town, with its vestal zone of four rivers—the Maas, the Waal, the Linge, and the Merwede—all embodied in its device:

"Me Mosa, me Vahalis, me Linga Mervaque cingunt,
Æternam Batavæ virginis ecce fidem."

It was the first town to cast off the yoke of the hated Spaniard. Cuyp, Bols, and Maes, a glorious group, are her sons.

Copyright Stereograph.

H. C. White Co., London.

OLD DUTCH HOUSES.

The St, Nicholas Church at Amsterdam.

The foregoing is a mere summary of the attractions of some of Holland's towns, serving to stimulate the interest of those visiting "the little country beneath the sea."

CHAPTER II

LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

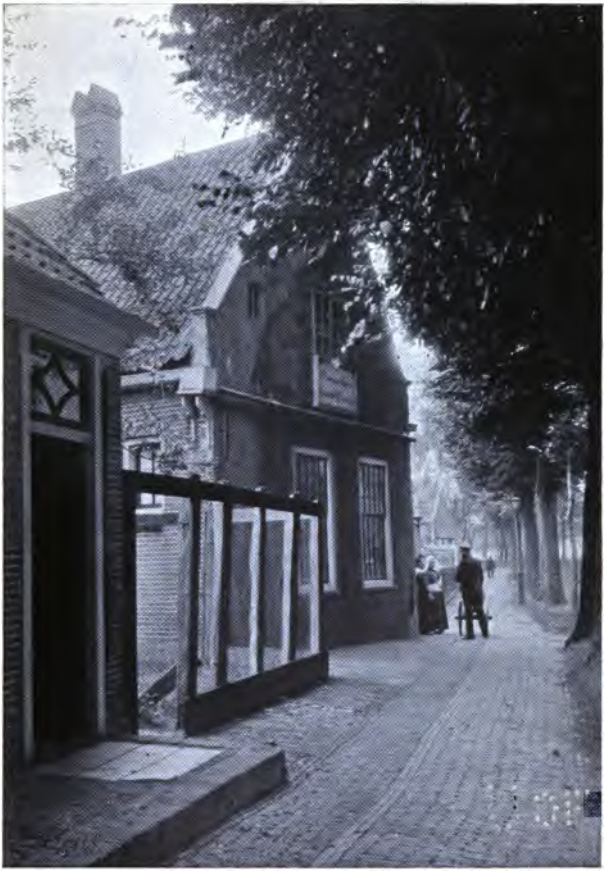
The Love of Tobacco—Eating and Drinking—Clubs and Country Residences.

GENERALISATION is impossible as regards "life" in Holland. There is a wide difference to be found in the habits of residents in the big cities, the provincial towns, and the villages. The Hague dines at eight, Amsterdam at seven, Utrecht at six, and Edam at three o'clock. With regard to mercantile or professional pursuits the custom varies, unless one considers the habitués of the Beurs, or Exchange. Twelve or fourteen hours oftentimes constitute the Hollander's working time. Very frequently

does the merchant or the lawyer have his office in his residence, and so it is hard to say when he leaves off the work which he has begun at an early hour. The Dutchman is systematic and methodical in the ways of his life, and day after day, previous to joining his family at the board, he will proceed to his favourite café or *societeit* (club), and prepare for the enjoyment of his meal with the absorption of some favourite "appetizer"; but in Holland, as with ourselves, the habit of "taking something before dinner" is dying out, and so is that of wine-drinking when ladies pay an afternoon call. In fact, the afternoon tea has swept all before it, and Dutch ladies now very seldom partake of *advocaat*, a kind of egg-nog once greatly in vogue at feminine gatherings.

At all times, and especially in the country, the Dutchman is from his early

youth a tremendous smoker. It is a common thing to see a four-year-old boy smoking a cigar, and enjoying it as much as he enjoys *lekkers*, a word which means much to young Holland. It includes every variety of sweetstuff, cakes, or fruit—anything, in fact, over which the youngster can *lick* or smack his lips. I can recall a journey on a draw-boat, or *trekschuit*, in the course of which, for the purpose of entering into conversation with a burly old Volendammer, I had tendered him a very large and specially strong Manila cigar. A small boy, garbed in the village costume, and appearing, indeed, a little fisherman every inch of him, looked at me wistfully, whereupon I gave him a small coin, suggesting to him that he should spend it on some kind of *lekkers* on reaching his destination. The manikin's face assumed a look of sore disappointment, and he



ZAANDAM, NEAR AMSTERDAM.

A quiet, well-shaded street, many of which are to be met with in Holland. In this village the hut in which Peter the Great dwelt whilst learning ship-building still stands.

actually handed the *stuiver* back to me. I inquired the reason for this strange action of his grandfather—for so he turned out to be—and was told that the child preferred a "smoke." I gave him his *sigaar*, which he lit as carefully as would an older and more experienced smoker, after which he proceeded to enjoy it with beaming countenance. Smoking is probably a protection against malarial diseases likely to be engendered by the canals. If so, this applies to men only, for the women eschew the use of tobacco. Tobacco is cheap in Holland, and an excellent cigar is to be had for three Dutch cents, or a fraction over a halfpenny. To purchase anything more expensive is to brand oneself a foreigner. On one occasion I entered the shop of a *tabaksverkooper* (tobacconist) in a little place on the Lek, and asked for a five-cent cigar. "You will find the

three-cent ones quite good enough. Wethouder Hendrik never smokes more expensive ones." I could but follow in the steps of this worthy municipal councillor.

The Hollander may truly be said to "smoke like a chimney." It is no uncommon thing to see a priest standing outside the church enjoying his matutinal cigar while the congregation is slowly filing in, only to throw it away at the very last moment, when the time comes for him to don his vestments. Dutch smokers are worthy successors to the late Herr van Klaes, of Rotterdam, who was actually enjoying his pipe when he died at the ripe old age of ninety-eight years, and whose story is told by De Amicis. Every day he smoked nearly five ounces of tobacco, and in his will he issued the following invitation to all lovers of the fragrant weed:

"I wish every smoker in the kingdom to be invited to my funeral in every way possible—by letter, circular, and advertisement. Every smoker who takes advantage of the invitation shall receive as a present ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes, on which shall be engraved my name, my crest, and the date of my death. The poor of the neighbourhood who accompany my bier shall receive every year, on the anniversary of my death, a large package of tobacco. I make the conditions that all those who assist at my funeral, if they wish to partake of the benefits of my will, must smoke without interruption during the entire ceremony. My body shall be placed in a coffin lined throughout with the wood of my old Havana cigar-boxes. At the foot of the coffin shall be placed a box of the French tobacco called *caporal* and a package of our old Dutch tobacco.

At my side place my favourite pipe and a box of matches, . . . for one never knows what may happen. When the bier rests in the vault, all the persons in the funeral procession are requested to cast upon it the ashes of their pipes, as they pass it on their departure from the grounds." His last wishes were carried out; but, strange to say, Rotterdam—nay, Holland—has not erected any monument to him. Still, many a Dutch *rooker* (smoker) must have blessed his memory.

There is much eating in Holland, but the quantity of the food absorbed, rather than the quality of its cooking, calls for remark. Is there a national dish? 'Tis hard to say, unless it be a dish composed of meat and vegetables boiled together —the French *pot-au-feu*, in fact, minus the cabbage—and more partaken of by the humbler folk than by the well-to-do.

Photo. by *Weenenk & Snel.*

A DUTCH MILKMAN.

He is taking milk in his dogcart to Edam.

Veal is largely consumed, but not mutton, except in the form of lamb cutlets. Restaurants and cafés there are in profusion in all large towns, but what they give their patrons is exactly what we get here in London under the misnomer of "French cookery." The restaurant has everywhere a powerful rival in the *melk-salons* or *melkinrichtingen*, where milk, coffee, chocolate, eggs, sandwiches, and cakes are served. They are cheap and excellent places to frequent at luncheon-time. The cafés are remarkable owing to an arrangement unknown elsewhere—they are divided into two parts by a sombre-hued curtain. The part of the café fronting the street is not lit up when darkness sets in; the customers sit there quietly engaged in conversation or in meditation—the Dutchman thinks a good deal—gazing the while at the passers-by in the street. On

the other side of the curtain there is a blaze of light, and the habitués engage in a game of billiards, and play cards or dominoes. The quieter ones read the evening newspapers, and there is a loud hum of conversation. It is not customary to enter the back room through the front one, but by a side-door. Shortly after four o'clock begins the *bitteruur*, or the "hour for bitters," the favourite "appetizers" being *oude klare*, pure or "neat" old gin, *catz*, *boonekamp*, curaçoa, *pomerans*, *oranjebitter*, *half en half*, and vermouth. Absinthe, fortunately for a short while only, made an insidious attempt to be admitted into the ranks of "appetizers," but it met with little encouragement in its endeavours, and finally the Government prohibited the importation of the maddening intoxicant.

Drunkenness, of course, exists in Holland, as elsewhere, but even at Kermis time it is

very rare to see a woman, even of the lowest class, any the worse for liquor. The wife or the fiancée will during that boisterously festive period, when the men drink deep, watch with eager solicitude over her "man," and see him safely to his home; but she will resent the interference of the brass-helmeted *gerechtsdienaar*, and will not suffer her ward to be arrested, for she is an expert at steering him home, tack as he may across the street, and her assertion that she can manage him is no mere boast. The common people put sugar in their drinks, whether gin, beer, or brandy.

To revert once more to the vulgar subject of eating. As already stated, the Dutch look upon a meal as something serious, and food is absorbed by them in large quantities. There is no stinting in either restaurants or hotels, and in the former a

single portion will always satisfy a couple of appetites. Cheese is to be found on the table at all meals, together with ham, rolled smoked beef, gherkins, and preserved ginger. In country localities your host will inform you that his smoked beef is "beef of the cow, not of the horse." Others may set the latter on the table, but he never does. It is all a matter of faith. In regard to the cutting of cheese, every stranger will have to learn how to perform the operation without cutting himself, and more especially how to avoid disfiguring it, an unforgivable sin in Dutch eyes. The *Edammerkaas* (Edam cheese), the one with which we are so familiar, must be sliced crossways into transparent slices, but never be dug into or scooped out, for then it ceases to retain its moisture and freshness. In many small places the only food procurable, in addition to eggs, are cheese-

AT THE HAGUE.

View of a typical aristocratic mansion. The Hague is a beautiful city with wide streets and well-shaded avenues.

sandwiches, which seem to constitute the national appeaser of hunger.

Club-life, in the shape of *societeiten*, flourishes in the Netherlands, the smallest towns boasting of one or more of these social circles. Foremost among them is De Witte, at The Hague. It is second to none in Europe as regards high standing and comfort, and has a membership of fifteen hundred, drawn from the *élite* of officialdom. The club's premises are sumptuously furnished and decorated; it has strong French proclivities (French is a popular language in Holland), and welcomes and entertains its guests with courteous and cordial hospitality. In this respect the club is not an exception, for throughout Holland the stranger who has been properly introduced, or who knows how to ingratiate himself with the people, is sure to be treated with extreme kindness. It may

even fall to the luck of a traveller to be taken up by some prominent citizen, who, noticing that he is particularly interested in some one thing, will come up, politely tender him his assistance, and place at his disposal whatever information he may possess on the subject absorbing the stranger. From that there is but one step to being done the honours of your newly-found friend's house. This will not take place all at once, for the Dutchman is observant, cautious, and of an inquiring turn of mind. He will first have found out something about you, but when once he has opened his door to you, thereafter you will always find it on the latch. Most proud is he to supply you with facts, for what he dreads—he is very sensitive and very proud of his country—is that erroneous statements may be spread abroad about it. Should ladies accompany you, they are

always presented with the freedom of the kitchen, which in private residences is as neat, as picturesque, and as fresh-looking as the toy-kitchens which are the delight of children. And a Dutch kitchen is the ideal of what a kitchen ought to be, for all is therein in its place, all is bright and clean, and the shining saucepans complete with the blue-and-white chinaware a perfect interior.

Cleanliness (*netheid* or *zindelijkheid*) is a ruling passion of the Dutch *vrouw* or *meisje*, and polishing, scrubbing, rubbing, and sluicing are unceasingly carried on with a continuity and thoroughness unknown elsewhere. The outside paintwork, the windows, even the brick pavement, are all the subject of sedulous attention; and rain does not stop the Dutch maid from her outdoor work, which she will engage in while holding an umbrella over her head.

Indoors the disease—for disease it amounts to—prevails, and from cellar to garret everything presents a spick-and-span appearance. But the reverse of this pretty picture is to be seen in many localities, where the women would seem to be too busily engaged in scouring pots and pans to give much attention to personal cleanliness or to that of their children. In this connection tourists must not be deceived into believing that Broek en Waterland is the "cleanest place in Holland." It shares with the Island of Marken the reputation of being nothing more than a "show-place." Both places are to be avoided, for they are not representative of Holland. Tourists have perhaps themselves to blame for the gross rudeness they experience at Marken.

The Dutchman who has amassed a fortune in the West or East Indies, more especially in the latter, or in Rotterdam or

THE BINNENHOF.

Round which cluster the most ancient associations of Holland.

Amsterdam, delights, towards his declining days, in retiring to a country villa, and there enjoying absolute rest from his labours. Arnhem is the favourite camping-ground of retired Dutch East Indian nabobs. The names of these *buitenplaatsen* are characteristic of the national temperament. Among many are: *Weltevreden* (quite content); *Veldlust* (rustic enjoyment); *Welgelegen* (well-laid-out site); *Buitensorg* (*sans-souci*, or free from care); *Door geluk* (through luck); *Vroeg op wint tyd* (Who rises early, finds time); *Komt, gaat in vrede* (Come, and go in peace); *Het Loo* (the grove or wood); *Lust in rust* (pleasure in repose). And in most places there is the warning, *Wacht U voor den hond!* (Beware of the dog!). Happy hours are spent in these cosy retreats, and Dutch home life is there seen at its best—simple after having been strenuous.

But the dog in Holland is not used merely for the purpose of keeping tramps at a distance; he is employed throughout the country to draw loads that are sometimes none too light, and the Dutch dog's labours have doubtless given rise to the saying, "To work like a dog."

CHAPTER III

THE QUEEN AND HER PEOPLE

Costume — Festivals — Games — Golf of Dutch Origin.

ALTHOUGH Queen Wilhelmina and the Dowager Queen Emma strive to encourage the wearing of the several local costumes, the custom, sad to record, has died, and is dying out in many localities. A sign of this is that ladies wear these costumes for a *bal costumé*, as if they were truly a thing of the past. On certain occasions the Queen affects the garb of the women of Friesland. If one wishes to see the women in their picturesque array, Zeeland, Gröningen, Friesland, the southern

part of Brabant, and Volendam, in North Holland, are the places to hie to on Sundays or on vegetable market-days. The women of Volendam have a weekday and a Sunday dress, but it is practically the same costume, the difference lying in the colour and striping of the outer skirt—generally one of the seven which they drag about.

The national costume, except on market-days and festive occasions, is a curiosity even in that very Dutch city Amsterdam; and Markeners, Volendammers, islanders from Urk, and Frieslanders, dressed in their special garb, will excite almost as much curiosity in the Kalverstraat as they would in the streets of London. Zeeland, with Walcheren, North and South Holland, and Friesland, are about the only places where the local costume is in daily use. To describe the wearing apparel affected by

Photo. by *Dr. Trenkler & Co.*

NIJMEGEN'S MARKET-PLACE.

In the shadow of the Church of St. Stephen.

Clear

dames and damsels throughout the land would require a volume. As a general rule, it may be stated, and this especially in regard to sea towns, that an abundant supply of petticoats is *de rigueur*, as it is considered the right thing to pretend to much *embonpoint* below the waist, which, in its turn, is padded out with *bourrelets* of wadding, or even filled with sand. A foreign lady whose *embonpoint* is the work of Nature is a thing of beauty and of joy to the native, who will openly express her admiration for the charms of an unartificial *dikke vrouw*.

The foregoing remarks naturally apply to the peasantry and fisherfolk only. With regard to The Hague, a note of smartness reveals itself in the ladies' gowns; while provincial ladies, who, when travelling outside their own country, have been bold enough to indulge in "foreign fashions,"

carefully pack away these sacrifices to vanity when reaching home. The good folk in the provinces do not dress their part, but cultivate for the fashions a contempt which is pedantic and even stupid. During the recent Conference at The Hague some members of the Diplomatic Corps visited a University town, and their "Bond Street liveries" excited to derisive laughter the soberly-clad professors.

Queen Wilhelmina, in the early days of her reign affectionately referred to as Koninginnetje, or "Little Queen," typifies in her simple life the nation over which she rules, while her tender sympathy for her people is returned by them. She rules because she is of the House of Orange, and the national cry of "Oranje boven!" always unmistakably proceeds from Dutch hearts as well as from Dutch lips. She expressed

her feelings on the occasion of her "inauguration" (for of "coronation," as we understand it, there was none), when she said at the time of taking the oath: "I count myself happy to rule the Dutch people: small in number, but great in courage—great in nature and in character." *Dapper maar klein* (Brave, though small). This year Queen Wilhelmina presented the nation, greatly to its joy, with an heiress to the throne, and heartfelt rejoicings took place on this occasion.

During the summer months Her Majesty lives at Het Loo (The Grove), a charming residence in Gelderland, north of Apeldoorn; in winter at the Palace in the Noordeinde, at The Hague; and for ten days in the year she occupies the Stadhuis at Amsterdam. Louis Napoleon accepted this residence as a palace, which it has remained ever since, but as William I.

gave it back to the city, the Queen is the city's guest during her sojourn there.

Men and women display a predilection for jewellery, and there are in every small town—nay, in every village—one or more jewellers' shops, whose wares are as tempting as those of their fellow-shopkeepers in the cities. Gems are at a discount with the countryfolk, but ornaments in gold and silver abound. Many of these resemble the five-pointed *khoumsa* of the Western Arab. How did the mysterious "five" penetrate from the western coast of Morocco to the heart of the Netherlands? Did it travel from Mogador to Madrid, and thence with Alva's female camp-followers to Holland? Certain it is that rings and brooches of the *khoumsa* pattern are to be met with in Holland, in Belgium, and as far down the French coast as the little fishing village of Le Portel, near

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A GOES MILKCART.

A Zuid Beveland milk-woman going her rounds.

Mali

Boulogne-sur-Mer, where it is known as *la Portugaise*. In addition to these ornaments, one greatly prized is a coral "dog-collar," which is just as highly valued as the one of pearls worn by rich ladies in this country. Earrings there are of many shapes, from the *kurkentrekken* (cork-screws)—akin to bed-springs—to the quaint ear-ornaments looking like horses' blinkers, and fitted on above the ears with projecting triangular plates studded with pearls. The most valuable of all ornaments is the *gouden kap*, or skull-cap of gold, of Friesland. Its price is sometimes as high as eight hundred guilders, and it is worn by the married women only, and by widows. According to a legend of Medemblik, it constitutes the glorification of the crown of thorns. A gold "back-piece" is also worn on the nape of the neck. Nor is the male sex behindhand in its love of orna-

ment; the broad breeks are clasped at the waist with *broekstukken*, huge silver buttons larger than our crown-piece, some of them handed down from generation to generation. The men also affect silver chains bunched up like skeins of wool as a neck ornament. In some parts, especially in Friesland, silver shoe-buckles are still to be met with. Again, there are gold buttons in filagree to hold the gaudy necktie under control, while the wedding-ring is more or less worn by the men.

The North Holland women are reckoned very handsome—their faces are as placid as those of their ancestry; while those dwelling in the sea-towns possess eyes that are the reflex of the infinite, but are not the reflex of their thoughts. Like all fisher-folk, they have the eyes of the seer. All in all, the women have a doll-like appearance. To them is applicable the Horatian

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IN ZUID BEVELAND.

Goes dairymaids in their neat and picturesque costume.

totas de capsula nitidas—slightly to alter the gender in the quotation; they appear to have come out of a bandbox. They are very partial to eau-de-Cologne, which finds a large market in Holland, and an hotel-servant will not mind helping herself to any perfume left lying around in my lady's chamber. It is her perquisite, and she will not consider that she is doing anything wrong when liberally besprinkling her person with it. In other respects she is scrupulously honest. Another weakness of the Dutch countrywoman of the sea or country side is to compress her bosom; as a result, they are all flat-breasted to an extent that is a disfigurement of the human form, and they rival the Amazons in their flatness.

The headgear of the womenfolk varies with the locality. Every kind of cap is to be met with, from the close-fitting one

of Friesland, worn by the Queen, to the Volendam cap, with its well-starched *cornettes*, with which *opéra-bouffe* has rendered us familiar in England. It is on a market-day at Middelburg or at Flushing that the visitor can more especially feast his eyes on Dutch women be-jewelled, be-capped, and be-petticoated, or again at Kermis. A shock will come to him when he sees the *gouden kap* surmounted by a Parisian *chapeau*, from either side of which peep the *kurkenkrullen*. The wearing of these must on such occasions be looked upon as a tribute rendered to national sentiment by these devotees of "modernism." In the winter of 1908 Friesland revelled in a skating carnival, at which were worn the garments of days gone by, and the revival of habiliments in vogue in the days of Holland's grandeur was a welcome and picturesque one. In the museum at

Hindeloopen is to be seen a fine collection of costumes of olden times.

From headgear to footwear there is, so to speak, but one step. The *klomp* (plural, *klompen*) takes rank as a national institution. These wooden shoes, or *sabots*, fashioned out of poplar-wood, do not merely serve to protect the feet; some of them are ornamental, notably those worn on the Island of Marken, which are daintily carved. They can be, and are, used as weapons of defence and offence. Young Dutch David will at times get on even terms with Dutch Goliath should he succeed in being the first to reach the goal aimed at with his wooden missile. Old *klompen* have sweet uses in their old age, for the Heintjes, Dirkjes, and Pietjes deftly convert them into *tjalks* (fishing-boats), and sail them along the shore, while the Arisjes, Hilletjes, and Trijntjes watch

them with placid enjoyment. Many artists, more especially the veteran Josef Israëls, have immortalized the *klomp* when in this form. The *klomp* seems to be no hindrance to the movements of a broad-breeked Dutchman, for he will clear a four-foot fence like a bird without parting company with them. If anything excites the curiosity of one too short in stature to get a view of the object it is sought to look at, then will *klompen* placed one on top of the other be of valuable assistance. They have still another use. As the boat or ship passes through the canal the lock-keeper will appear with what seems a fishing-rod, at the end of which dangles a fish—'tis but a *klomp*, into which you drop the toll. I have also seen the *klomp* used as a most effective steering-gear on the occasion of a buxom *vrouw* coaxing her husband home from the *tapperij*, out

Photo. by *Weenenk & Snel.*

ANCIENT MARINERS.

Markeners in their characteristic "knickerbocker" garb. On their feet are *klompen*, or wooden shoes, which are sometimes daintily carved, and serve many purposes besides that of footgear.

of which she had hauled him. A blow on the left side of the head steered the reveller to the right, and *vice versa.*

There remains but to tell a pretty story in which *klompen* play a part. After Queen Wilhelmina had retired for the night on the day she had taken hold of the reins of Government, a notice was issued requesting the good citizens to go home quietly, and not to disturb their Sovereign's slumbers with shouts doubtlessly loyally meant. Two devotees of Bacchus who were passing by the Palace disregarded this request, to which their attention was called by some less noisy citizens, whereupon the loyalists considerately and gallantly kicked off their *klompen,* and zigzagged their way home in their stocking-feet.

The mode of wearing the hair calls for a passing remark. Generally speaking, it is

close-cropped, and the women and girls who adopt this style—among them are to be named the Volendammers—wear under the white cap with *cornettes*, or "ears," a black skull-cap which does not permit of more than a short "fringe" to be visible. Nay, more than that, it is considered indecent for a girl to allow her head to be seen bare. I can recall an instance when, in the course of a frolic between two Volendam maidens, one of them tore off the other's skull-cap; the uncovered one screamed with shame, and quickly threw her outer skirt over her head, while the older women upbraided the offender for her shameless deed, and cuffed her soundly, full-grown lass though she was. Several men were present, and in this did the indecency consist. On the other hand, the tow-headed, hard-featured, and saucy girls of the Island of Marken, but a short sail across the Zuider Zee from

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS ARE WE."

Placid and smiling, they enjoy facing the visitor's kodak. Children in Holland have few indoor games, but the girls' chief delight seems to be in skipping and knitting.

Volendam, hold entirely different views in this respect. They parade a broad, ugly, yellow fringe of hair and a couple of long and thick *krullen* (curls), which give them an untidy appearance. These curls are the subject of cruel remarks on the part of the shy maidens of Volendam.

As a Kermis is the occasion for a gathering of the local clan, a few words about this orgy will not be amiss. On Kermis Day the Dutch throw off their placid character to such an extent that the better class fly from it, and many Hollanders do not hesitate to style the festival a national disgrace. The Kermis is dying out, and it is to be hoped that a gay carnival will supplant it. The Rembrandt tercentenary showed what the Dutch can do in the matter of a pageant. Hanicotte, the French painter, whose "Leur Mer" adorns the Luxemburg, following in the steps of

the old "little masters"*—Ostade, Jan Steen, Gerard Dou, Terborch, and others —has depicted a Kermis scene, which reveals these saturnalia in all their nauseating hideousness. Many towns and villages have their Kermis, which lasts from three days to a week, generally the latter. During the day the inhabitants wander about the streets dancing and shouting, riding on merry-go-rounds, enjoying the attractions of more or less elevating peep-shows, and greedily gorging themselves with fried *botjes* (flounders), *gerookten*

* In regard to the term "little masters," Mr. David C. Preyer writes in his "The Art of the Netherlands Galleries": "The appellation has been given through a misconception of the use of this term in Holland, where it referred originally to the size of their paintings—to their 'little masterpieces'—and by transition to the artists who painted these. They were masters—'great masters'—painting in 'little.'"

Photo. Halftones Limited.

THE FROZEN ZUIDER ZEE.

Children playing on the ice opposite Volendam.

aalen (smoked eels), dried *scharretje* (another species of the flounder tribe), *poffertjen* (the American "pop-overs"), *oliebollen* (balls of paste fried in oil), *wafelen* (waffles), and *hopjes* (caramels, the last the most beloved of the various kinds of *lekkers*). In the meanwhile, the organs of the merry-go-rounds are noisily grinding out tunes that are "popular" the world over. When night comes, Bacchus is libated in a fashion worthy of the days of Rome's decline, and men and women mingle together with a licence unknown during the rest of the year.

In Amsterdam and other big towns the Kermis has been abolished. This abolition was the cause of a two days' riot in the city lying at the influx of the Amstel into the Y.

Ranking next to the Kermis is the Feast of St. Nicholas, kept on December 5, the

eve of the saint's name-day. His legend is widespread, as shown in our own Winchester Cathedral, and in many parts of France. The "Knickerbockers" who went to America imported the celebration of this feast into that country, where it still flourishes as Santa Claus, but where it is kept on Christmas Eve. To some of the Dutch who returned to their native land may be due Knecht Rupprecht (*de zwaarte knecht*), the saint's man Friday, who would seem to personify the negro slave. At this festival there is a large consumption of *klaasjes*, special cakes taking the shape of a bishop in full canonicals.

As the children play mostly in the street, indoor games are few and far between; but outdoor games are the same, generally speaking, as played by boys in other European countries. Marbles and *kooten* (knuckle-bones) are universal favourites.

Photo. by *Weenenk & Snel.*

YOUNG HOLLAND.

A companion picture to Hanicotte's "Oud-Holland"

"I am King of the Castle" (*Man ik sta op je blokhuis*) is a game which needs no description. The girls enjoy skipping, and when not engaged in this pastime seem to delight in knitting just as much.

Readers of H. S. C. Everard's "A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, from 1754 to 1900," will have seen that there are some reasons for supposing that the game of golf may have been borrowed from the Dutch. In the Boymans Museum at Rotterdam is a picture by Jan Steen (1626-1679), "Feast of St. Nicholas: a Family Group," wherein is the figure of a little boy who holds in one hand an undoubted golf-club and in the other a golf-ball. Other illustrations of the fact are to be met with in other pictures. It seems certain that there was played for many centuries in Holland a game known as *het kolven*, which closely

resembled the game as we know it now. *Kolfje*, or little club, closely resembles the "gowfie" of Eastern Scotland. A Dutch proverb still in use says: "Dat is een kolfje naar mijn hand" ("That lies to my hand like a golf-club"), said of anything that exactly suits the speaker. Does the word "stymie," the derivation of which still remains mysterious, come from a Dutch source? On this point Mr. Everard writes: "There is a Dutch verb *stuiten*, meaning to hinder or to stop. I would suggest that when an old Dutch golfer found himself 'stymied,' he said, *Stuit mij* ('It stops me'). This phrase, with the elision of *t* before *m* (which would naturally take place in Scotland), would be contracted into 'sty my,' 'stymie.'" Golf as an outdoor game is no longer much played to-day by the Dutch, although there are at least three golf-links in Holland—at Haarlem,

Photo. Halftones Limited.

FISHERMEN'S WINTER WORK.

Volendammers ploughing the snow to make a skating track.

The Hague, and Amsterdam. An indoor game, reduced almost to parlour-golf, has taken its place in some localities, but even this game appears to be dying out.

It is to be regretted that the companies of *doelen*, who formed clubs akin to our archery clubs, but who did not belong to the army (*doelen* are "targeteers," just as the Italian *bersagliere* derives his name from *bersaglio*, a target), are a thing of the past; for their prowess has been immortalized in many a painting, and their name is preserved in that of several hotels throughout the land.

Skating is, of course, the national pastime. Parties are made up to skim over the frozen rivers and canals from town to town, and much sleighing takes place in the towns after a fall of snow, the children being conveyed to school in sleighs. The Dutch excel in the exhilarating exercise of

skating, and while engaged in it are, for the nonce, as light-heeled as any.

Among the students, particularly those of Leyden, rowing is greatly in vogue, and, as we know, they have sent crews to Henley. In the last year or two football for boys and hockey for girls have taken a foothold, and young Holland is going in for exercise to an extent unknown heretofore.

CHAPTER IV

HOLLAND'S ARTISTIC SIDE

Art, Past and Present — Museums — "The Spaander"—Churches—Universities.

ART is sedulously cultivated in Holland, and one is the whole time looking at an endless unrolling of pictures, both indoors and outside—*binnen en buiten.* A walk through the streets of any village, town, or city of the Netherlands gladdens the eye. There is high art in the Rijks and in the Stedelijk Museums in Amsterdam, and in the Mauritshuis at The Hague, to mention the three principal picture-galleries of the "lowlands." But there is art in the streets of little Mon-

nickendam, to name one small town specially, with its quaintly and many-gabled little homes, fronted with medieval bas-reliefs, its tower with a graceful campanile in the Spanish style, crowned with an open belfry, from which, when the hour is struck, steps out a manikin sounding a trumpet, and followed by a cavalcade of puppets; art in the picture presented to you at Hoorn, as you sail into its pleasing harbour, at the end of which arises the famed Water-Tower; art even in the post-offices, gaudily ornamented with the coloured escutcheon of Orange, with its proud device, *Je maintiendrai*, embodying a perpetual promise; art at the side of the humblest fireplace, which, like the French *foyer*, is the centre, not only of social life, but also of domestic art, ornamented as it is with its blue and white tiles, illustrative of Scripture history or

Photo. by *Weenenk & Snel.*

YOUNG VOLENDAMMERS SKATING.

The lad is calling attention to his valuable silver "breech-pieces." The girl is wearing the Volendam cap with its stiffly starched *cornette*

Dutch scenery; art in the coats of arms, such as Zeeland (Sea-land), whose lion emerging from the sea, with the device *Luctor et emergo* ("I struggle, but I emerge"), typifies the agonies and triumphs of Zeeland.

Many a pretty story lies hidden in these symbols of organized social life. The Volendam white horse, with one of its hoofs a *botje* (flounder), recalls the legend of the *veulen* (foal or steed) which came ashore from the Zuider Zee, and was fed with wheat by a Volendam maiden, to whom for a week he daily brought a *botje*, in grateful recognition of her kindness, until one day the maiden was induced to bestride his back, when it carried her away for ever. Such is the Lorelei of the Zuider Zee. Edam's steer is likewise the subject of a pretty story. Once upon a time the Edammers and the Haarlemmers revelled

in a sea-fight. The former were victorious, whereupon the vanquished ones paid them the following generous compliment: "We could not help being beaten by you, for you fight like steers." "We do," was the somewhat vainglorious rejoinder. Hence the Edam steer. It is not, as has been stated, a cow, selected because there are so many cows about the well-known cheese-town. Such an explanation verges on the ridiculous.

Art there is in the biers lying in the church at Workum, representing the various trades of the dead. The builder, the smith, the sailor, the farmer, the surgeon—each and every one was carried to his rest on the bier proper to his occupation in life. Art there is in Sneek's Water-Gate, in the Stadhuis steps of Bolsward, at Laren, the haunt of the American artist; and art there is at Volendam, where

POSING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

Old woman, young girl, and child, on the Dike Street at Volendam.

more pictures are seen in one day than can be painted in a lifetime. In the little fishing-village stands the hostelry known as "The Spaander," from its proprietor's name. For years past it has been the rendezvous of artists of all nations. What was at first but an unpretentious yet cosy little inn has nowadays assumed greater proportions, and amid its hundreds of visitors one may number among English artists E. Burne-Jones, George Clausen, Mortimer Menpes, Stanhope Forbes, Adrian Stokes, R. Brough, Fiddes, Bartlett, Lee Hankey, Phil May, Tom Browne, Will Owen, Dudley Hardy, Cecil Alden, Walter Langley, and many others who have left on the walls of "The Spaander" souvenirs of their brush, thus converting the hostelry into a miniature gallery. America has been represented there by William Chase, Raphael Beck, John Rettig, G. Melchers,

Penfield, Robinson, May A. Post, and Elizabeth Nourse. Dutch Royalty, in the person of Queen Emma, has visited this unique abode of artists. Katwijk, Scheveningen, and other sea-coast towns, are also much frequented by the brothers of the brush. The Frisian Islands deserve to be better explored by them.

To descant on the many treasures displayed in the museums or picture-galleries would carry one too far. The tourist will "do" the Rijks Museum, and content himself with a glance at Rembrandt's great painting, erroneously styled "The Night Watch," at Paul Potter's "Bull," in the Mauritshuis at The Hague, where is also to be seen Rembrandt's "Lesson of Anatomy," or, again, at Franz Hals' "Jolly Toper" and "Buffoon," likewise in the great museum of Amsterdam. But the lover of art will do more. He will pursue

Photo. Halftones Limited.

IN WINTER-TIME.

Markeners pushing along an "ice-chair" on the Zuider Zee.

his studies farther, and go in quest of Hals at Haarlem, of Lucas van Leiden at Leyden, of Rembrandt's "Burgemeester Six" in the family mansion on the Heerengracht at Amsterdam, and of Jan Steen and Paul Potter at The Hague. In almost every town will he find masterpieces of the gifted painters who have depicted their country's life under every aspect and from many a point of view. For the delineations of life he will gaze upon the works of Terborch, Metsu, Netscher, Dou, Pieter de Hooch, Brouwer, and Ostade. Holland's well-known picture "The Avenue, Middelharnis," of which our National Gallery is the fortunate and proud possessor, shows a landscape seldom to be seen in Holland nowadays. In many places, and especially in Zeeland, no trees are to be seen on the dikes, as they break them up. The story goes that

the picture was exchanged by the authorities of Middelharnis for two or three paintings of little worth. Animals have been portrayed to life in the works of Karel du Jardin, Paul Potter, and several others; Willem van de Velde (father and son), Bakhuisen, Stork, and Dubbels are renowned for their marine pictures; while Van der Helst, Hals, Govert Flinck, and Bol are the painters of heroic achievements and of pictures representing *doelen*.

It has been said that "the first smile of the young Republic was Art, for it was only after the revolt of the Dutch against the Spanish yoke . . . that painting reached a high grade of perfection." After the decline of Dutch Art in the eighteenth century, following the flourishing of the great school of the seventeenth century, Art in Holland again had its renaissance in the Hague School of the mid-nineteenth

A CHAT ON THE DIKE.

Volendam matrons rejoicing over a good catch of anchovies.

century. Israels, Jacob, Matthew, and Willem Maris, Bosboom, and Mauve were among the many great names of that movement. A newer movement has followed it, and it is at its zenith to-day. It, too, has produced a great, though perhaps a less narrowly national Art. Willem Witsen, Bloomers, Artz, Bles, Bisschop, Therese Schwartze, J. Toorop, Voerman, Verster, van Googh, Bauer, and Camerlingh Onnes all hold a high position in the annals of Dutch Art.

Holland has not produced any sculptors who are to be mentioned with the great sculptors of the Continent. Painters and sculptors require models, and these are to be found in abundance, many of the most noted ones of the day being constantly "commandeered" by foreign as well as native artists. These models have by dint of posing acquired an artistic taste, to-

gether with the critical faculty, and they are not slow in telling the artist who has not painted them to their liking that he is "not so clever as the Heer Schilder," who has been more successful in his portrayal of them.

Among the museums there is one not so well known as the larger ones, although it has a special interest for the visitor, since it is an exact counterpart from cellar to garret of a Dutch burgher's residence in the sixteenth century. It owes its origin to Heer Willem J. Tuyn, the author of "Old Dutch Cities," and a prominent resident of Edam, who acts as its curator. All the furniture of the period is to be found in it, all articles then in domestic use, tools, odd paintings of still more odd worthies of the time, men and women's wearing apparel, curios from the Dutch East Indies, old maps and charts, primitive

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THE NIEUWE KERK AT DELFT.

It contains the monument of William of Orange.

machinery, and, all in all, so complete that a careful examination of the house's contents will give one an accurate idea of how a Dutch burgher lived in centuries gone by.

A pretty conceit, written in Old Dutch, is to be found on the fly-leaf of a Bible preserved in the museum. It runs:

> " Ons leven is een Schip,
> d' Weerelt is de Zee,
> d' Bybel 't peylcompas,
> Maer 't Hemelrijk d' Ree ";

which, translated, reads:

> " Our life is a ship,
> The world is the sea,
> The Bible our compass,
> But Heaven is our haven.

Delft has since the present year a Rijks-Museum, known as Huis Lambert van Meerten, the curator of which is Heer A. Le Comte, who designed the façade

and made the drawings for the decoration of the interior. The building was planned by Heer J. Schouten. It is a museum of Art and applied Art. Josef Israëls, Hendrik Willem Mesdag, and the late Mevrouw Mesdag van Houten were the first contributors to the institution, which owes its origin to the late Heer van Meerten, a great and intelligent collector of things beautiful, and as early as 1894 he had entrusted to his friends Heeren Le Comte and J. Schouten the task of grouping his collection in a fine museum, but, owing to commercial losses, he was compelled to abandon his generous scheme, and his death temporarily suspended its being carried out. Thereupon a few friends formed themselves into a Dutch Art Syndicate, purchased a house, and presented the museum to the State.

The Municipality of Amsterdam has this

year begun preparations to convert into a museum Rembrandt's house at No. 4, Joden-Bree-Straat, where he lived several years. It was to this house that the great painter brought his wife Saskia, and there she died; there he lived until his fortunes declined, when he sought a refuge somewhere else in the city, no one knows exactly where. This museum is to contain many valuable contributions from various public benefactors, and thus Rembrandt will be honoured in the town which has taken him to her bosom as her son; his native town of Leyden does not possess any of his works.

The churches of Holland would have been a feast for the eye had they not suffered from the iconoclasm of the Protestants, who in their zeal smashed or whitewashed all that was artistic and ornamental. When entering them one

feels some sympathy with Castelar, who said: "Well, yes, I am a freethinker; but if some day I were to return to a religion, I would return to the splendid one of my fathers, and not to this squalid and nude doctrine that saddens my eyes and my heart." At 'S Hertogenbosch (Bois-le-Duc) is one of the largest churches in Holland, and perhaps the finest architecturally; it is the only one well preserved within, as it is the centre of a Catholic province, but its inner decoration is in poor taste. This is the Cathedral of St. John, one of the three most important medieval churches in the land, the other two being the Cathedral of Utrecht, and the Church of St. Nicholas, at Kampen. Haarlem, Leyden, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam possess Gothic churches, but all of them have suffered from the effects of bigotry. Here and there remains a carved

DELFT'S MARKET-PLACE.
A view of De Heil gen Geest Kerk.

pulpit, stained choir windows, as at Gouda, or a fine old chandelier. It may be mentioned that the choir-screen of the Cathedral of St. John is to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, to which it was sold for the purpose of devoting the sum received to the inner decoration of the cathedral.

Even in the almshouses, refuges, and asylums do their residents derive benefit from the national culture of Art. Old folks, ancient mariners, and orphans are all comfortably and prettily housed, while most of the last-named wear attractive and gay costumes which do not continually remind them of their lonely condition. The Municipal Orphanage in Amsterdam contains in its regents' rooms paintings by J. Backer, Jürgen Ovens, A. de Vries, and others; while the court, with its open colonnade, is of interest. One of the sights of Amsterdam

is to see a procession of girls from the Municipal Orphanage garbed in costumes in which the black and red colours of the city are displayed. Those of the Roman Catholic Orphanage wear black dresses and white caps, while those of the Walloon Orphanage wear violet-coloured gowns. A quaint and charming building, from the architectural point of view, is the Azyl voor Zeelieden (Asylum for Seafolk), to be seen at Brielle, where rest a number of old men who have sailed many a sea, and in whose features can be traced the hardy "Sea-beggars" who freed their little town from Spanish oppression. These picturesque bits are to be met with at every step of one's pilgrimage through a land whose people care with tender kindness for the aged, the poor, and the orphan.

The three historic Dutch Universities are Leyden (1575), Groningen (1624), and

DELFT'S TOWN HALL.

Restored in Renaissance style after a fire in 1618, it has an ancient Gothic belfry.

Utrecht (1636); and though Leyden had, and possibly still has, a certain precedence, they are equal in law; and with them, since 1877, has ranked the University of Amsterdam, though it is a municipal, not a State, institution. The Technical School at Delft, also, has recently been granted the status of a University. Besides the town, there is also a Free University of Amsterdam. Leyden and Utrecht have about the same number of students—700 to 800; Groningen about half that number; the Amsterdam Free about 100 to 150. The greatest number of students is found at the Delft School—some 1,100 to 1,200. None of the Universities is residential; they all follow the Scottish model (or the Scots follow them). The students lodge in the town, and are for the greater part their own masters. The course for Medicine is eight years; Law, four;

Theology, five; Science, six; Philosophy and Letters, six. Each University comprises these five Faculties. The Professors hold their chairs from the Sovereign, and the body of the Professors—the Senat—is presided over by a "Rector Magnificus," appointed (also by the Sovereign) for the scholastic year from a list of three candidates presented by the Senat—this in the State Universities. The Burgomaster is at the head of the "college" of the town University, which contains two members appointed by the Town Council and two by the Sovereign.

CHAPTER V

HISTORY AND LANGUAGE

The House of Orange—National Heroes—Peculiarities of the Language—The Dutch in America—Spanish Vestiges.

THE Dutch nation is happy to-day, in spite of its past history, which constitutes a wonderful record, not only of its everlasting fight against the encroachments of the sea, but of its struggle with some of the greatest of the Great Powers. It is sufficient, within the limits of this book, to give only a brief summary of Holland's history, dating it from the abdication of Margarethe, wife of Louis of Bavaria, in favour of her son, William of Bavaria,

whereupon the dynasty of Bavaria ruled in the land. Jacqueline, or Jacoba, of this line, transferred her rights to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The Burgundians ruled for fifty years, when the inheritance went to Austria.

For close on a century was the Austrian House supreme over the Netherlands; its most noted members being Charles V. and Philip II. of Spain, whose memory is cursed by the Dutch to the present day. Philip II. was a cruel bigot, under whose reign began the savage persecution of the Dutch nation. His right hand was the Duke of Alva, who arrived at Brussels in 1568, when he at once engaged in a war which constituted a series of bloody massacres. The struggle lasted for eighty years, at the end of which Spain was compelled to recognize the independence of the Northern Netherlands. At this parlous

BACK FROM FISHING.

Broad-breeked Volendammers sauntering, while the wives are cooking the dinner.

moment in the existence of the Dutch nation there arose a man whose name is revered in Holland to this very day, and the descendants of his subjects have transferred to his descendants the affection and gratitude their forebears felt for him. Like Lincoln he was the "Father of his People," and like him he was foully assassinated. William of Nassau, "the Silent," Prince of Orange, was born at Dillenburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, in 1533.

His appellation of "the Silent" is thus explained: One day while hunting in the forest of Vincennes with Henry II. the Prince of Orange and the King became separated from the rest of the party. Henry's mind was full of the scheme formed between himself and Philip of Spain to extirpate heresy by a general massacre of Protestants in France and the Netherlands. Believing that the Prince of Orange was in

the secret, the French King revealed the matter to the Prince, who was prudent enough to be silent, and not to reveal his feelings, thus earning his title of "the Silent." The appellation would seem a more appropriate one in the case of Philip II. of Spain, who seldom spoke, and whose stern lineaments never revealed that which was in his thoughts. William could, indeed, speak, and eloquently when circumstances demanded, but he was a great statesman who knew when to keep his own counsel, and who knew the Dutch—a people who required of him deeds, and not mere words.

It is, perhaps, difficult to say why, in the first instance, the Dutch so concentrated their trust in William of Orange, rather than in any other man, at the time they were trying to overthrow the Spanish domination. Indeed, it was not he who was the instigator of the fight against the

ALKMAAR'S WHARVES.

Pyramids of golden-hued cheeses piled up ready for shipment.

oppressor of the country; nor was he, at least in the beginning, the incarnation of Calvinism, which was the soul and the strength of the revolt against Spain.

Charles V. conferred on the young Prince many high honours, among them that of Stadhouder (Lieutenant of the Sovereign) of the Provinces of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht, which post was confirmed by Philip II. This would amply suffice to explain the Prince's primary reluctance to identify himself with the revolt of the Dutch Netherlands. It was not until he had pleaded in vain with Philip II., and until he had witnessed the exasperation of his people over the atrocities perpetrated by that fiend the Duke of Alva, that he came to the conclusion that he was not forfeiting his honour in resisting the Spanish tyranny. The States-General offered him the leadership, and he accepted

it, when his personal prestige quickly made itself felt. As a General, however, he was singularly unsuccessful: twice did the Spaniards drive him back. The most memorable event in Dutch history—the taking of Brielle by the "Sea-beggars" in 1572, following upon which a number of towns in Zeeland and Holland dared for the first time to raise the standard of revolt, and to pronounce in favour of William—was accomplished without his having any part in the deed. He failed also in his attempt to relieve beleaguered Haarlem, which was compelled to surrender to the Spaniard, and to witness the massacre of one-half of its population. Lastly, William's dream of welding into one kingdom the seventeen provinces nowadays constituting Holland and Belgium was not to be realized.

With all that, no member of the House

of Orange has ever enjoyed to so great an extent the confidence of the nation. His strong individuality; his perspicacity in unmasking and foiling Spanish intrigues; the selling of all his chattels, even to his silver table-ware, to meet the expenses of the war; the price placed on his head by the Spaniards, who thereby recognized his importance as the leader of the revolt; the death of three of his brothers on the battlefield, all stamp him as the organizing spirit of the revolt against Spanish rule. When he died he uttered words treasured to-day: "God have mercy upon me, and upon my unfortunate people!" Following in his steps, the House of Orange has ever endeared itself to its subjects by studying their pronounced individualism, and to that House is due the prominent part which Holland played in the annals of the seventeenth century. Hence the undying affec-

tion felt for William the Silent and his successors. By her utterance at the time of her inauguration Queen Wilhelmina struck a responsive chord in the hearts of her subjects, who saw incarnated in her the spirit of her great ancestor.

It may be here recalled whence the rulers of the Netherlands have derived the name of Orange. The principality of that name was originally situated in the South of France, in what is now the department of Vaucluse, which comprises a portion of the former Comtat-Venaissin and the principality of Orange. The sovereignty of the principality passed to the Nassau family after the death of Philibert de Chalon, who died in 1530, while in the Pope's service, and who had designated as his successor the only son of his eldest sister, Claude, the wife of Henry of Nassau. This youth, René of Nassau, adopted the

IN A SHIPPING QUARTER.

Barges and steamers loading flour at Alkmaar.

motto of his uncle, *Je maintiendrai.* At his death, which took place at the siege of St. Dizier, his vast lands went to his first cousin, William of Nassau. As this boy Prince—for he was only eleven years of age when he came into his inheritance—was thus a personage of importance, both the Emperor Charles V. and the Church considered it important to secure his good graces. Hence it was that Charles V. gave his authority for the acceptance of the inheritance, on condition that the new Prince should be brought up in Brussels and in the Roman Catholic religion. This is how Prince William came to take up his residence in the Netherlands. In 1701 the principality of Orange reverted to France, but the Dutch Princes retained the escutcheon and the motto.

The history of the Netherlands' struggle against Spain has been told by Motley,

whose work is so highly thought of in Holland that it has been translated into the Dutch language, and is used as a textbook in the schools. The story has also been told by the Dutch historian Blok; it is a story of barbaric savagery on the part of the Spaniard, and of sturdy resistance and bloody retaliation on that of the Hollander.

To the present day is the Spaniard execrated throughout Holland, and it avails him not to speak French, with the object of concealing his nationality, which seems to be instinctively divined by the descendants of his ancestors' thousands of victims. Still, it must be recorded that during the war between Spain and the United States of America, Dutch national sentiment was rather with the ancient foe. This may be explained by the fact that the Dutch people felt that a small nation was bein

ALKMAAR.

The name signifies "all sea," and the town is the centre of the North Holland cheese trade.

swallowed up by a larger one, a fate they dread.

There is hardly a city in the Netherlands which does not call forth grim recollections. To be besieged was for many years a matter of course for Dutch cities. These sieges gave birth to heroes. In 1573 Leyden was besieged by Valdez, the Spanish General, and defended by Van der Voes and Adrian van der Werf, the Burgomaster who, to those who suggested surrender, replied: "My own fate is indifferent to me; not so of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I am alive."

William of Orange had enjoined upon the Leydeners to hold out for three months, as Holland's destiny lay in their hands; they responded to his appeal. Finally, he resolved to inundate the surrounding country. The dikes were broken in sixty places, while the sluice-gates of Rotterdam and Gouda were opened, when Dutch ships under Admiral Boisot sailed to the rescue of the beleaguered city, massacred the Spaniards, and the Dutch entered Leyden. William heard the good news while in church at Delft, proceeded to Leyden, and, as a reward for its citizens' more than heroic resistance, gave them the choice between immunity from certain taxes and the establishment of a University. The Leydeners chose the latter.

Among many of the heroes engendered by the war was John Haring, of Hoorn, the Dutch Horatius. It was in 1572, a

ON THE FRINGE OF THE DIKE.

Volendam women and children standing with their backs to the Zuider Zee.

year memorable in the annals of sieges, that De Bossu was fighting De Sonoy, off the Y, at the beginning of the siege of Haarlem. John Haring planted himself upon the dike at a point where it was so narrow that two men could hardly stand abreast. He held in check one thousand of the enemy, to enable his countrymen to rally, but in vain; all his efforts merely assisted their retreat in good order. John Haring distinguished himself again at the siege of his native city, when the Spanish Admiral De Bossu was defeated by Cornelius Dirkszoon, and imprisoned in the city for three years. John Haring's part in the battle consisted in clambering aboard the *Inquisition*, the Spanish flagship, and hauling down her colours. This deed of bravery cost the humble hero his life. Quaint old Hoorn, be it said *en passant*, also saw the birth of Willem Schouten, who discovered

the passage round the headland known as Cape Horn, and gave the latter the name of his native city. Another Hoorner's name, Abel Tasman, lives in Tasmania; he discovered both that island and New Zealand.

Reference has been made to the death of three of William the Silent's brothers on the battlefield. Two of them, Counts Louis and Henry of Nassau, were defeated and slain by the Spaniards at Mook, a tiny place in Limburg, on the heath of Mook, in 1574. Gallantly they rode in a desperate charge into the ranks of the enemy, never to be seen again. For centuries has the name of the locality served as a curse. A Dutchman will wish another on the Mookerheide: "Ik won dat hij op de Mookerheide zat" ("I wish you were on the heath of Mook").

To resume, in chronological order, this

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OFF THE ISLAND OF MARKEN.

Young "Knickerbocker" and his sisters skating to school. In Holland everyone is as much at home on the ice as on land, and children learn to skate almost before they can walk.

brief survey of Holland's history. After years of strenuous fighting, the Utrecht Union, the famous defensive league of the Northern Netherlands, was formed in 1579, and in 1581 the States-General threw off their allegiance to the Spanish Crown. In 1584 William the Silent was foully done to death, and the year following his son Maurice was elected Stadhouder, and was succeeded at his death by his brother Frederick Henry (1625-1647). The latter died shortly before the peace of Westphalia, by which the independence of the United States of the Netherlands was formally recognized, and was succeeded by his son William. On his death in 1650 the reins of government were entrusted to the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt. During his term of office the Netherlands were invaded by Louis XIV. of France, who overran the country without encountering

much resistance. The people, believing that they had been betrayed, broke into a rebellion, and murdered John de Witt and his brother Cornelis. Prince William, afterwards of England (William III. of Holland), thereupon was elected Stadhouder, when the French were defeated, with the aid of the Elector of Brandenburg and the Spanish troops, and the war was at last terminated by the peace of Nijmwegen in 1678. William married Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, afterwards King James II. of England. In 1689 he was elected King by Parliament, retaining at the same time the office of Stadhouder of the Netherlands. The rest of his reign belongs to English history, and it remains but to be said that the united fleets of England and Holland defeated the French off La Hogue, and that the peace of Rijswijk forced the French King to restore

ON THE WAY TO EDAM.

Volendam maidens coming down from the dike to go to the canal-boat

a considerable part of his conquests. Holland's history subsequent to this period is of little interest. In 1795 the French Republic's troops invaded the country and created the Batavian Republic, and a few years later, in 1810, Napoleon annexed Holland to his Empire. The French were driven out of the Netherlands by the Dutch, aided by Russia and Prussia, when the Prince of Orange, son of William V., the last Stadhouder, who died in exile in 1806, ascended the throne of Holland as an independent Sovereign. He was created King of the Netherlands (Belgium and Holland) by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, under the title of William I. The bond was severed by the Revolution of 1830. He abdicated ten years later, and was succeeded by his son, William Frederick of Orange, who had fought under the Prussian flag during the Napoleonic wars;

he was wounded at Auerstädt, and he again fought at Waterloo with the Dutch-Belgian Legion. William II. was succeeded by William III. in 1849. The latter was the father of Queen Wilhelmina, and at his death, in 1890, the male line of the House of Nassau-Orange became extinct. During the minority of the Queen, her mother, Queen Emma, the King's second wife, acted as Regent. The heir to the Dutch Crown is Princess Juliana, born on April 30, 1909.

Besides the explorers already named, the record must be preserved of Barentz and Heemskerk, who discovered Novaya Zemblya, and whose fortitude has been immortalized by the Dutch poet Tollens.

"Dutch courage" is of the best, and when the Hollander sings his National Anthem, "Voor Vaderland en Vorst" ("For Fatherland and Prince"), he may trium-

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DRAWBRIDGE AT EDAM.

Leading from Volendam to the Cheese City.

phantly give proud expression to the words, "Wien Ne'erlandsch bloed door d'aderen vloeit, van vreemde smetten vrij" ("Those in whose veins the Netherlands blood flows free from foreign taint"); for it is blood that has told in the past, tells in the present, and will assuredly continue to tell in the future. It has told against the Germanic races, the Romans, the Franks, the Danes, the Normans, and the Spaniards; in Java, Sumatra, the East and West Indies, New Netherland, Japan, Brazil, Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope, and New York; it has in days past worsted England on the sea, resisted the Grand Monarque, and at one time made of the Dutch one of the three Great Powers of the day.

It is generally believed that a knowledge of German will enable one to get on in Holland, but such is far from being the case. Although the Dutch and German

languages possess much that is in common, the pronunciations and the spellings are at variance. It is only the student who will notice the similarity between *loopen* and *laufen* (to run), and *lepel* and *Löffel* (a spoon), while English people must not too literally translate as the equivalents of words in their own language such words as *tot*, *coster*, *baker*, *golf*, *pink*, *met*, and *blazer*, for their Dutch signification is till or until, sexton, nurse, wave, sailing-smack, with, and blusterer, or blow-hard. These to give only a few illustrations. With regard to the matter of pronunciation, the Dutch *g* presents the same difficulty as to pronunciation as the Spanish letter *j*. An excellent exercise for those who wish to master this difficulty is to repeat the following line:

"Grietje, gooi geen goeje groente in de gracht"—*i.e.*, "Maggie, do not throw any

good vegetables into the canal." An Arab or a Spaniard can doubtless master this stumbling-block in Dutch pronunciation, but it is doubtful whether an Englishman will succeed.

A few words of Dutch may here be given for the benefit of English-speaking cyclists, who will frequently come across sign-boards bearing the words "Gevaarlijke helling," which do not mean that the road leads to Hades, but merely "dangerous slope"; "Bondsrijwiel hersteller" are "repairing shops," while the amateur photographer will readily recognize "dark chamber" in its equivalent "donkere kamer," provided he has the merest smattering of German. Both English and Dutch hail a cat as "puss," the Dutch spelling the word *poes*, which is pronounced in the same fashion, and is an imitative word, from the noise of the cat spitting.

Americans will find much to interest them, if they will take note of the names of places, many of which are to be met with in their country, some of them having become family names. Nordyke, to give an example, is in Dutch Noordijk, the North Dike. Roosevelt, Cortlandt, Vandam, and many other names, are clearly of Dutch origin, while Stuyvesant will recall New Amsterdam's grim old Governor, with his silver-encased stump, Piet Stuyvesant. Should the New Yorker have a taste for the beauties of etymology, he will deplore the fact that somebody changed "Helle Gat" ("beautiful pass or outlet") into "Hell Gate;" but he and the Londoner must not be deceived into believing that Lange-Straat is a "long" street, for it is named after the Huguenot family of Lange. This does not apply to Lange Pooten, the principal street in The Hague. In olden

HOORN'S FAMED WATER-TOWER.

Cape Horn is named after this now "dead city" of the Zuider Zee.

times this street was known as Wilgen-Pooten-Straat (the street planted with willows). The word "bowery" is the Dutch *bouwerij*, or peasant's dwelling. A far-fetched etymology is the one which would derive *bouwerij* from *bos*, and make of the *boer* a cattle-raiser. The Dutch peasant has been styled a *boer*, or "dweller," long before a distinction was made between the cattle-raiser and the market-gardener.

Americans have, for centuries past, consumed quantities of waffles (*wafelen*), crullers (*krullen*), and cookies (*koekjes*).

From Hindeloopen does Cape Henlopen in Delaware Bay take its name, while Cape May, off the coast of New Jersey, is the namechild of the first European shipbuilder in America, who explored the southern, as Block did the northern, coast of New Netherland. In 1614 Adrian Block went

up the Connecticut River, entered Narragansett Bay, and sailed past Cape Cod as far as Boston Harbour. He gave his name to a large island which he visited, and which is known to the present day as Block Island.

The names of places tell eloquent stories, and indicate fords, castles, dams, havens, and churches; *drecht*, *burg*, *kerk*, *bosch*, *hout*, *heiden*, *poort*, and *haven*, are respectively ford, burgh or borough, church, wood, timber, heath, port, and haven. Dordrecht is the "tower of the ford"; Holland, woodland; Het Loo, the grove, the affix *loo* being found in many other names of places throughout the country and in Belgium —Waterloo, for instance. *Veen*, or *ven*, means peat-bog, and is coupled with *loo* in Venlo; and we find the two words coupled again in Louvain, or Loo-Veen, in Belgium.

To the *tapperij*, the drinking-place, wherein we drink from the tap, in contradistinction to the *sluiterij*, where we drink from the bottle, do we owe our military "tattoo," which is none other than *tap-toe* (the tap is closed), the tattoo being the signal for closing the taps in the public-houses. The seeker after etymologies will find a gold-mine in Holland.

Traces there are, of course, of Spanish blood among the Dutch population, and occasionally of Spanish customs. One in particular is to be met with in the villages on the banks of the Lek, or Lower Rhine. There, a man seeking a quarrel with another will plant his knife in the table at which his enemy sits. The knife will be promptly plucked out, and the two will adjourn to the street and attempt to slit each other's cheeks (*kaaken snijden*). Should the

challenge not be accepted, the one who declines to fight had better leave his native village for ever. To the present day, in Andalusia, the lowest type of people and the gipsies issue the same form of challenge.

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IN MEDIEVAL HOORN.

Activity displayed in the cheese-market of a "dead city."

CHAPTER VI

ON MANY SUBJECTS

Trade—Cheese—Diamond-cutting—Bulbs—Peat—Pottery—Dutch Artists in England—Army and Navy—Standard Time.

IN a general way, the trade between the Netherlands and England consists in an exchange of agricultural and dairy products from the former, for machinery and manufactured goods from the latter. Most steamships, and practically all railway locomotives in use on the Dutch lines, are of English make. In recent years the total value of goods consigned from the United Kingdom to Holland has amounted to about £14,000,000. Of these, the

exports of cotton goods were of about the value of £3,000,000, woollen goods about £500,000, and iron nearly £2,000,000.

The value of imports from Holland into the United Kingdom has amounted to about £15,000,000, the principal items being—butter, to the value of about £850,000; cheese, £500,000; sugar, £1,500,000; fresh meat, other than pork, £1,000,000; and fresh pork, also £1,000,000. Practically 75 to 80 per cent. of all fresh pork on the London market comes from Holland, and as the Dutch meat inspection is accepted by the English authorities as entirely reliable, the meat bearing the Netherlands Government label fetches high prices. The exportation of eggs from Holland is still very limited, and it is only during the last few years that it has exceeded the importation of eggs into Holland. However, the Dutch

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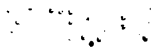
THE HARBOUR OF MARKEN.

Girls, wearing a many-coloured costume, are waiting for the tourist. The town is one of the "show-places" of Holland.



eggs which come into the English market are of high quality.

Of Dutch butter, more than 12,000 tons come to this country every year; while Germany buys even more, in spite of the heavy import duty. The position of Dutch butter on the English market is strongly assured, and is steadily gaining strength. Belgium, too, takes more than 5,000 tons. The principal reason why Germany and Belgium are such strong competitors for Dutch butter is that those countries have been quick to recognize the great importance of the Dutch control system. Some years ago Dutch exporters had great trouble in combating the adulteration of the article, but since the control system has been established the exportation of doubtful butter has been stopped altogether. Under this system of control every parcel of butter bears on the mer-

chandise itself a Government label, as a guarantee of its purity. Friesland is a great manufacturer of butter, Leeuwarden and Bolswaard being its principal market-towns. Ever since the butter industry in Holland was developed upon the lines adopted by Denmark, the Dutch butter has become more and more independent of the English markets, as, owing to the favourable geographical position occupied by Holland, it can supply Germany and Belgium on very favourable terms. The creameries of the Netherlands are computed to have an output of more than 40,000 tons of butter, of which 30,000 tons are exported.

Of some 55,000 tons of cheese exported from Holland, the greater part goes, in not very unequal proportions, to the United Kingdom, Belgium, and Germany. Edam, Gouda, and Friesland are the principal

THE YOUNG KNITTER.

A modern picture daily seen in Dutch villages.

cheese centres. The original and well-known Edam cheese—*i.e.*, that made in North Holland—still maintains its high reputation, as does also the old style of farmers' Gouda, made in South Holland. Alkmaar, Hoorn, Purmerend, Medemblik, and Enkhuizen, all possess cheese-markets.

Edam may naturally be selected as the cheese-market *par excellence*; hence a description of what is really a gay and picturesque scene is not out of place here. An odd sight it is to witness men garbed in white, and presenting the appearance of sailors from H.M.S. *Pinafore*, shuffle along carrying a hundredweight of cheese on trays suspended from their shoulders by leather yokes into the weigh-house, and, trotting back at the shuffle, deposit in the warehouse the shining, golden-coloured "cannon-balls" which have made Edam famous. Later, these cheeses will be

painted with a deep claret-tinted pigment, to enable them to stand the sea-voyage without detriment to their quality. Edam was in days gone by a seaport, and along the Edam-Volendam Canal are tufts of "paddy," or wild rice—a link with the cargoes formerly discharged there by ships from Holland's Eastern possessions. A compliment the Hollander is fond of paying to his wife is, "There is no better *kaasboerin*" (cheese-farmer).

Among the other industries which add to Holland's revenue are cattle-raising, diamond-cutting, and the cultivation and exportation of bulbs. The Dutch cattle are all of one colour—black and white. Should the black stripes form on the coat of the animal three vertical belts equal in width, the beasts are greatly prized and admired.

Diamond-cutting has Amsterdam for its

centre. It was introduced there by Portuguese Jews after the sack of Antwerp in 1576, but its great development dates from about the middle of the nineteenth century. There are now some seventy factories, employing about 12,000 operatives. Visitors are allowed to visit some of these works on payment of a small fee, and, in some cases, if properly vouched for by some well-known resident.

The cultivation of bulbs is carried on on an extensive scale, and in days gone by the tulip had about it a halo of romance, and gave rise to as frantic speculations as were witnessed in the days of the South Sea Bubble. Then followed the inevitable crash, and to-day the Dutchman cultivates the beautiful flower as others do the potato, and without any vision of producing a "black tulip." This "philosopher's stone" in the realm of tulipdom remains to be

discovered. In his much-read novel, "The Black Tulip," Dumas tells of the feud between Cornelius van Baerle and Boxtel in the days of the brothers De Witt, whose murder he graphically describes. In the seventeenth century a single bulb fetched thousands of florins, the *Semper Augustus* bulb attaining the price of 13,000 florins; but the Government put down speculation, and the value of the bulb fell to fifty florins. Some fifty species of the tulip have been described; the one from which most of the celebrated varieties have been derived is the *Tulipa Gesneriana*, which Conrad Gesner, a German, brought in 1559 from Constantinople to Augsburg, whence it found its way to Holland. Since then innumerable varieties have been originated, and Dutch growers now boast of nearly 2,000 varieties.

The cultivated varieties of tulips are

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KATWIJK-AAN-ZEE.

Deep-sea fishing smack on the strand.

classified by florists, according to their colour, into "selfs," flowers of one solid colour; "bizarres," flowers with a clear yellow base or centre with orange, red, crimson, and other markings; "roses," flowers variegated with shades of rose, deep red, or scarlet; and "bybloemen," flowers of dark colours such as lilac, purple, brown, and "black." Several other species have given rise to cultivated varieties, but to a much more limited extent.

Tulips are propagated in two ways—by offsets from the bulb and by seeds. The offsets grow to a flowering size in three or four years, and may be relied on to reproduce the variety truly. Most varieties produce offsets in considerable abundance. There is a remarkable peculiarity about seedling tulips. When they begin to flower, after growing for four or five years, the flowers are of one plain dull colour,

whatever may have been the colours and markings of the flowers from which the seeds were taken. In this state the seedling tulips are called "breeders," and they usually remain in this condition for several years. Then at last comes a spring when several of them "break" into the brilliant colours which we look for in tulips, and into the markings which are called "flamed," or "feathered." They can now be classified under some of the recognized varieties, and are ready for the market. How long it will be before the "breeders" begin to break no one can say, but various devices are tried to hasten the event, such as withholding and then giving water, moving the bulbs from a very poor to a very rich soil, and even sending them to a distance for change of air. When the "breeders" have assumed the desired colours and markings, they are said to be "rectified," but they

then grow less vigorously, and multiply less rapidly. "Breeders," therefore, are chiefly used in propagation, and are called by the Dutch "mother tulips." There is, of course, always the chance that these seedling tulips will give rise to a new variety. Great skill is needed in the cultivation of them, and an intelligent and careful grower will produce well-marked flowers where another would fail. The Dutch growers commonly manure the ground in which the tulip is to be ultimately grown, and then plant it with potatoes, in order to make the soil, which would otherwise be too strong, suitable after a couple of years for the reception of the bulbs. Every summer they are taken up, the offsets are detached, and all replanted in fresh soil. Those who wish to feast their eyes on a sea of colour should hie to Holland about Easter-time,

and travel through the Hillegom-Haarlem district,* when they will see acres upon acres of tulips and hyacinths in full bloom, while in the cities the quays (*kaden*) are lined with barges converted for the nonce into floating flower-beds.

Not in Holland alone, but in England, did a mad craze exist for the tulip (the word is derived from the Persian *toliban*, a turban). It is on record that in 1834 a Mr. Davey, of Chelsea, paid the sum of £100 for a single bulb of "Miss Fanny Kemble." This purchase is described in a "Treatise on the Cultivation of Florists' Flowers," by T. Hogg, of Paddington. "This precious gem," wrote Mr. Hogg,

* Those who wish to learn more about tulip-growing will find an exhaustive account in the *Journal of Horticulture*, vol. xxix., to which we are indebted for some of the information given above.

A SHADY AVENUE.

Street scene in Katwijk-aan-Zee, a resort of marine painters.

"is adapted to the second or third row in the bed; the stem is firm and elastic, the foliage full and broad, of a lively green; the cup large, and of the finest form; the white pure, and wholly free from stain; the pencilling on the petals is beautifully marked with black or dark purple, and the feathering uniform and elegant; it preserves its shape to the last, the outer leaves not sinking from the inner; in a word, it is considered the first flower of its cast, and the best that has ever been produced in England."

An old English poem sings the charm of the tulip in the following strain:

"For brilliant tints to charm the eye,
What plant can with the tulip vie?
Yet no delicious scent it yields
To cheer the garden or the fields;
Vainly in gaudy colours drest,
'Tis rather gazed on than caressed."

The fisheries, especially the herring fishery, are now on the decline, owing to foreign competition. It is not necessary to waste any sentiment over what will happen to the Marken and Volendam fisherfolk when the Zuider Zee shall have been partially drained. These good people have practically taken from that fishing-ground all fish fit to be put on the dining-table, and they admit it. In the future they will, like the hardy islanders of Urk, who chaff the others as "pond-fishermen," have to sail out into the North Sea, or become "cow-milkers," as the Dutch style landlubbers.

Peat-cutting is another industry which is locally profitable, as peat is the fuel used in the land for warming and cooking purposes. There are two kinds of peat—hard peat, or *harde turf*, as the Dutch call it, used in the stoves of houses and in my

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UNLOADING PEAT.

Markeners taking in their stock of fuel for the winter. Peat is used by all classes, from the lady's dainty boudoir to the fisherman's humble cottage.

lady's *chaufferette;* the other, a lighter and softer peat (*zachte turf*, or *lange turf*, because cut in greater lengths), which is of a more fibrous character. Gouda not only makes cheese, but fashions clay into pipes of quaint shape, many of which find their way into the clubs of the "Knickerbockers," or descendants of the Dutch in New York. Delft, early in the seventeenth century, when commercial relations were started with Japan, began by copying the blue porcelain of Seto, and "old Delft" is nowadays worth more than its weight in silver. There is in Delft the celebrated pottery known as "De Porceleijne Fles' (The Porcelain Bottle), which has existed uninterruptedly for about 250 years, and its mark is familiar to purchasers of its wares the world over. It stands in its original place, and, so to speak, under the same roof. Its artistic adviser is Heer A.

Le Comte, already mentioned in connection with the Rijks Museum "Huis Lambert van Meerten."

Holland, being a little country, cannot support its musicians, and so it is that many of them emigrate to occupy leading positions in all the orchestras of the world. We have among us Johannes Wolff, Morris Sons, Jan Mulder, R. Lohman, and Mossel, the last named residing in Manchester. Van Rooij, the Dutch singer, is well known at Covent Garden. With us are also several Dutch painters—Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, who hails from Dronrijp, Mathias Maris, W. L. Bruckman, Nico Jungman, Cossaar, and A. van Anrooij. As an actor De Vries has made a reputation in England.

The Netherlands possess an army composed of ten regiments (*afdeeling*) of Infantry, three regiments of Hussars, one

regiment of Engineers, three regiments of Field Artillery, one regiment of Horse Artillery, four regiments of Garrison Artillery, etc.; numbering in all about 30,000 men. Besides these regular troops there exists the *Schutterij*, a kind of Landwehr. As to the Indian Army, which consists of 36,000 men, 13,000 of whom are Europeans, it is composed of volunteers enlisted specially for service in foreign parts. From time to time one hears of the "endless war in Acheen," but of late years this disturbed part of the Dutch possessions has been comparatively quiet; a humanitarian sentiment prevails, which has prevented the Acheenese being put down with a hard hand.

The Navy consists of 109 vessels, of which only eleven are ironclads, and is manned by 8,000 sailors. In March of the present year was launched at Amsterdam

the battleship *Zeven Provincien*, in the presence of Prince Henry of the Netherlands. The names of most of the Dutch warships serve to recall the Navy's glorious deeds in the past.

Formerly, each town had its own standard time, while the railways and post-offices made use of Greenwich time, a system which was somewhat confusing, the other clocks being twenty minutes ahead of that time. Now, however, Amsterdam time, which is nineteen minutes ahead of that of Greenwich, has been uniformly adopted thoughout the Netherlands.

THE END

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